

The Sketch

No. 838 — Vol. LXV.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1909.

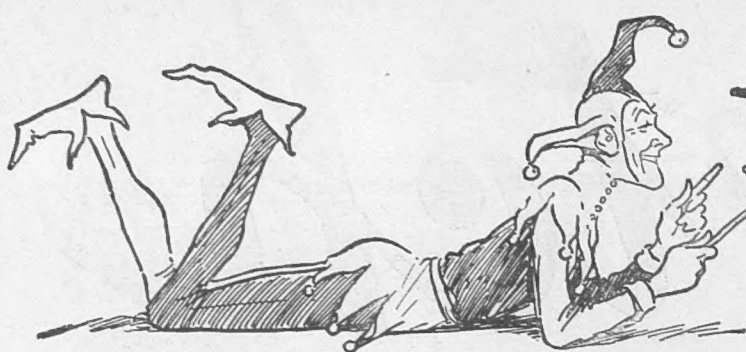
SIXPENCE.



WIFE OF THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS "WIRES": THE HON. MRS. MARCONI.

The Hon. Mrs. Marconi, whose marriage to that great exponent of wireless telegraphy, Guglielmo Marconi, took place between three and four years ago, was the Hon. Beatrice O'Brien, daughter of the 14th Baron Inchiquin. A thrill of wifely exultation and pride must have been hers when there came the news that every living creature on the "Republic" had been saved from drowning owing to her husband's marvellous invention. One of seven sisters, Madame Marconi led a happy, simple girlhood, devoted to every form of outdoor life, while yet highly educated in good old-fashioned style. Through her mother she is a niece of Lord Annaly. The decoration placed by us behind Mrs. Marconi's head represents an elaborate eight-foil figure obtained by electrical discharge.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot")



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



To Brighten Journalism.

For once in a way, the popular Press have missed an opportunity. In the excitement of trying to persuade young men to intimidate the foes of Great Britain by learning the goose-step, they failed to do full justice to the meeting between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Wilbur Wright. It is true that in one of my morning journals, "Our Special Correspondent" let himself go a little, but even he, one felt, could have done a good deal more with a subject so inspiring. I propose, therefore, to take the liberty of touching up his copy. Here is my revised version of the story—

BIRD-MAN AND BALFOUR. EX-PRIME MINISTER WHO WANTED TO FLY. WHAT WILBUR THOUGHT OF ARTHUR.

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

PAU, Thursday.

Although it was impossible to see an inch before one's nose for the fearful blizzard, Mr. Balfour, the well-known political expert, insisted on again motoring to the Pont Long aerodrome this afternoon, Wilbur Wright having telephoned that he hoped to be in mid-air about tea-time.

There was nobody on the ground when Mr. Balfour arrived, the blizzard having increased in volume and velocity until it was practically one solid mass of icy snow. Most of the birds had retired to their nests and nooks, and it was fully expected that Wilbur would be compelled to postpone the contemplated swoop. Rather than disappoint Arthur, however, the bird-man fetched out his little aeroplane and sprang into the saddle.

"Wilbur," said Arthur, in a voice that vibrated with emotion, "is it safe for you to do this thing?"

The grim features of the world-famous aeroplanist twisted themselves into the wry semblance of a smile.

"Safe!" he echoed. "Who prates of safety?"

With a superhuman effort the political expert forebore to wince.

When all was ready Arthur begged Wilbur to take him along. "I could hang round your waist!" he pleaded. "Indeed, indeed I would not hamper you more than I could help!"

The aeroplanist was adamant. "The life of a political expert," he said, "is sacred. Imagine my feelings should anything happen to you! No, Arthur! For the sake of the country that you have served so expeditiously, I must deny your request."

"Then," cried the ex-Prime Minister, "at least let me do something! Anything rather than inaction!" With these words he seized a rope and pulled it with all his might. His vigour nearly upset the whole blessed contrivance, but no matter. 'Twas well meant. I snapped the incident with my "Waistcoat-Button Badger."

The aeroplanist then rose high into the air, far eclipsing the eagle in the majesty of his undulating curves. He performed some remarkable evolutions over the heads of the spectators, actually concluding by writing the word "Arthur" against the leaden sky. The ex-Prime was touched to tears.

"Wonderful!" he cried, again and again. "I say it is wonderful! I am glad I came, oh, so glad! How I wish that I, too, might have flown!"

When Mr. Wright came to the ground, and a dozen sturdy fellows had dug him out of the snow-drift that had settled upon him, Mr. Balfour stepped back six feet, preparatory to leaping at the great aeroplanist. A second later I had the privilege of seeing the ex-Prime Minister hurtling through the air with outstretched arms. Unfortunately, the "Waistcoat-Button Badger" refused to work, but I hope to forward you a "sketch from details supplied by an eye-witness" to-morrow. For the present, it will suffice to say that Mr. Balfour landed full on Wilbur's neck, bore him to the

ground, and imprinted a congratulatory kiss on the summit of the scalp. The scene will be long remembered by those privileged to witness it. The artist representing *The Sketch* sobbed aloud.

Mr. Wright, under the impression that Mr. Balfour was still looking at him, flew again later. But the ex-Prime had left for Paris.

I understand that a very important conversation took place between the two celebrities after the soar. I was not near enough to overhear the actual words, but, judging by the gestures of the twain, you may take it from me that Wilbur was impressing upon Arthur the value of the aeroplane for political purposes. It would, Mr. Wright almost certainly pointed out, be exceedingly difficult to refute the arguments of a politician travelling at high speed at a great height. A single aeroplane orator would be of more value than a whole Cabinet of non-winged speakers. Even if the aeroplane were hit, the loss of epigram would be insignificant compared with the withering effect of close-quarter sarcasm on "sitting" members.

Mr. Balfour, who showed much knowledge of the principles of aeroplaning as applied to politics, assured Mr. Wright that he always travelled at a great height, if not always at a great speed. He went on to enumerate the various members of the present Government who had cricked their necks in the effort to follow his tortuous curves and dizzy gyrations.

Acting upon your instructions, I asked Mr. Wright what he thought of Mr. Balfour. "He," he said, with characteristic eloquence, "seems nice."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN DAY BY DAY.

(With acknowledgments.)

SUNDAY.—Mr. Chamberlain has arrived at Cannes, and is expected to stay at the Villa Beatrix for three months. He will take daily food.

MONDAY.—Mr. Chamberlain is remarkably well after his journey. He took a drive in an open landau to-day. He seemed much interested in the weather.

TUESDAY.—Mr. Chamberlain got up this morning and intends to go to bed to-night. Much pleasant activity prevails at the Villa Beatrix. The butcher, the baker, and the grocer call daily.

WEDNESDAY.—Mr. Chamberlain received a budget of letters to-day. Some are from England, one in particular, it is said, being from Mr. Austen Chamberlain. The temperature at the Villa Beatrix is kept normal.

THURSDAY.—Mr. Chamberlain again drove out in an open landau to-day. I was standing on the pavement as he passed. He looked at me, but I did not interview him.

FRIDAY.—Inquiries at the Villa Beatrix go to show that Mr. Chamberlain appreciates the sunshine, and is greatly interested in the subject of Tariff Reform. A bird was singing in the garden as I left.

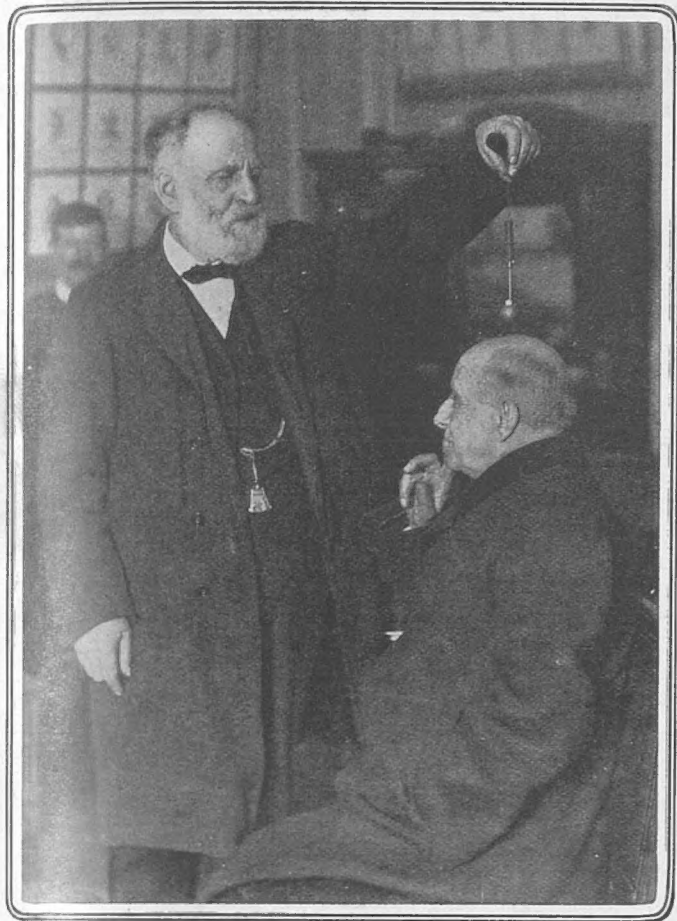
SATURDAY.—Mr. Chamberlain is still here, having now concluded the first week of his visit to Cannes.

Wanted: A Family Counsel.

Mr. Lloyd George has said this: "Once a public man cuts his moorings from his kith and kin he is cast helpless on the troubled sea of public life, possibly to become a hopeless wreck." The statement was made, I find, at the Welsh Club. If the members of the Welsh Club squeezed no more meaning out of it than the present writer, then were they puzzled indeed. Does Mr. Lloyd George mean that a public man is helpless without the advice of his relations? If he does, I wish he would consult his family before writing to me in this objectionable strain: "Unless the amount be paid or remitted to me within ten days from this date, steps will be taken with a view to recovering the duty at your residence!"

DOES YOUR BREAKFAST-EGG CLUCK OR CROW?

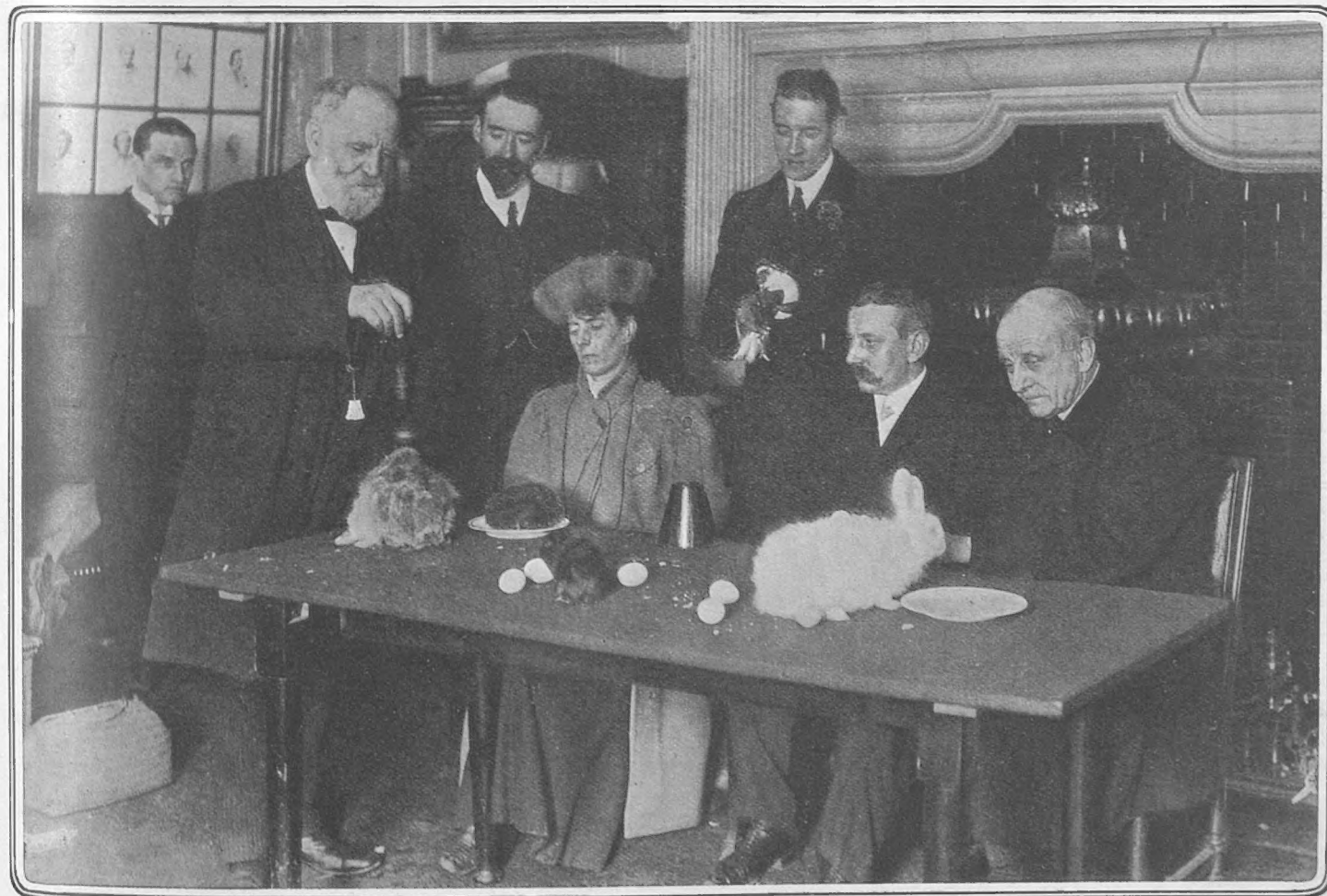
TESTING THE SEX OF EGGS WITH A SEXOPHONE.



THE PENDULUM OF THE SEXOPHONE (HELD BY MR. STEAD) GYRATING OVER THE HEAD OF A MAN (SIR ALFRED TURNER).



THE PENDULUM OF THE SEXOPHONE SWINGING BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS OVER THE HEAD OF A WOMAN.



MALE OR FEMALE? MR. W. T. STEAD TESTING THE SEX OF ANIMALS AND EGGS BY MEANS OF THE SEXOPHONE.

The inventor of the sexophone claims that with its aid he can determine the sex of any living creature, and states that when the apparatus is held over a male its pendulum will gyrate in circles that grow wider and wider, while if it be held over a female, the pendulum will swing backwards and forwards. Briefly, the sexophone is a pendulum of copper wire and a piece of magnetised steel, ending in a pith ball, and is held above the subject by means of a wooden handle with a copper core. Various tests were made the other day, and in every case the instrument responded according to the sex of the subject as the inventor said it would. Amongst those who watched the proceedings were Major-General Sir Alfred Turner and Mr. W. T. Stead, both of whom are shown in our first and third photographs. Mr. Stead expressed himself much interested, and said that he intended to go further into the subject. In the third photograph are seen some of the subjects—eggs, a rabbit, a hedgehog, a guinea-pig, and a pigeon.—[Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.]

CONCERNING ROYALTY AND THE STAGE.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO BERLIN: THE GERMAN EMPRESS AND THE QUEEN LEAVING THE EMPEROR FREDERICK MUSEUM.

The German Emperor and Empress and the King and Queen visited the museum on Thursday last, and saw there some of the most important art treasures of the German capital. The museum itself is by no means old; indeed, it was built between the years 1898 and 1903, and only opened in 1904.



Photo. E. Filatre.

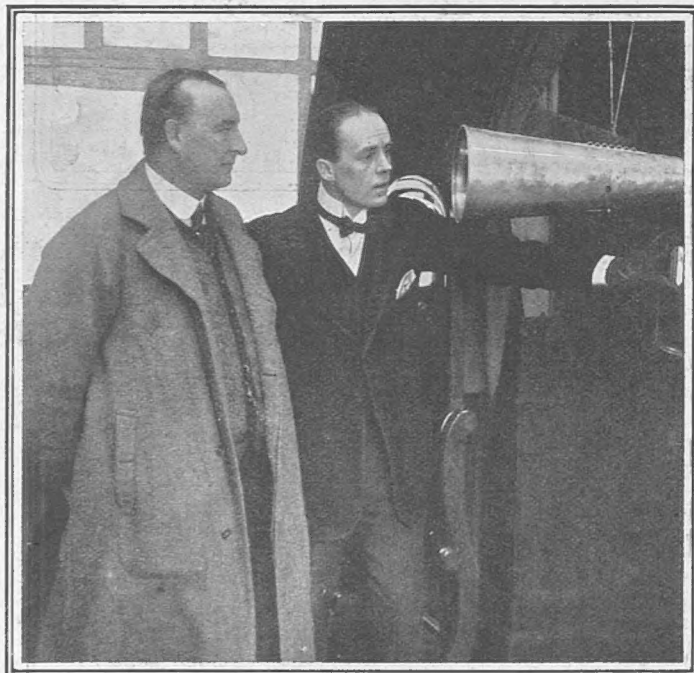
A STRANGE SUBSTITUTE FOR A PET DOG: PRINCE TROUBETSKOÏ'S WOLF, WHICH WALKS WITH ITS MASTER IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

The Prince, who is well known in Paris, in London, and in America, as a sculptor of much ability, is very fond of animals. The wolf which accompanies him during his walks in the Bois is a cross between a Russian wolf and a dog wolf from Siberia.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO BERLIN: THE KING TAKING LEAVE OF HIS GERMAN OFFICERS (OF THE FIRST DRAGOONS) AFTER LUNCHING WITH THEM.

During his Berlin visit the King lunched with the officers of the First Dragoons, of which he is Honorary Colonel-in-Chief. In the course of a short speech his Majesty said: "I am proud to have been able to take over this regiment from my illustrious mother, and I hope that my successors may also occupy the position at its head."



"A PATRIOT'S" VOICE: PLAYERS IN "AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME" SPEAKING THEIR PARTS INTO THE GRAMOPHONE.

Certain parts of the patriotic play, "An Englishman's Home," are being recorded on the gramophone for the benefit of all and sundry who cannot make opportunity to see the play. In the first photograph are shown Mr. Edmund Maurice, the Prince Yoland of the play, and Mr. Lawrence Grossmith, the Geoffrey Smith; in the second are Mr. Arthur Wontner, the Paul Robinson; Mr. Rudge Harding, the Captain Lindsay; and Mr. Charles Rock, the Mr. Brown.



MAKER OF A GREAT "HIT" IN "THE TRUANTS": MISS ATHENE SEYLER.

Miss Seyler plays Pamela Grey in Mr. Coleby's new piece, "The Truants," and has met with exceptional success, success all the more gratifying in that she is but making her stage debut. She was a pupil at Mr. Tree's Academy.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



THE TRAGIC DEATH OF MR. CHARLES WARNER: THE FAMOUS ACTOR IN PRIVATE LIFE.

Coupeau, in "Drink," was Mr. Warner's most famous part, and he played it thousands of times. It is hinted, indeed, that the strain entailed by constant repetition of the character led to that state of mind in which he took his life.

Photograph by the Elsie Portrait Company.



THE ADVENTURES OF AN EX-GAIETY GIRL: MISS MAMIE STUART.

Miss Stuart accepted an engagement to appear at a certain hall at Buenos Ayres, decided that it was of an objectionable nature, refused to appear, and took action for damages. The jury awarded her £250; but more is to be heard of the case.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

THE LIMNING OF SALOME: A DANCER IN OILS.



A PORTRAIT THAT NECESSITATED A HUNDRED VISITS TO THE PALACE: MISS MAUD ALLAN
IN "THE VISION OF SALOME"—BY BARON DE PAZTHORY.

Baron de Pazthory's excellent painting of Miss Maud Allan—a tribute from the artist to the dancer—is of especial interest, not only by reason of the quality of the work, but because the Baron did not have a single sitting from Miss Allan, and relied entirely upon sketches made during a hundred or more attendances at the Palace. It is likely that the painting will figure at the Royal Academy this year; meantime, it has a place of honour in the vestibule of the Palace, to which hall Miss Allan has returned, after a rather long absence necessitated by indisposition, to renew nightly the triumphs that were hers when first she became the talk of London.

Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch."

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JOHN LANE.	DEAN AND SONS.
The Measure of our Youth. Alice Herbert. 6s.	Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench, 1909. 7s. 6d. net.

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ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,
FEBRUARY 20.

**THE OPENING OF
PARLIAMENT.**

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FEBRUARY 20.
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
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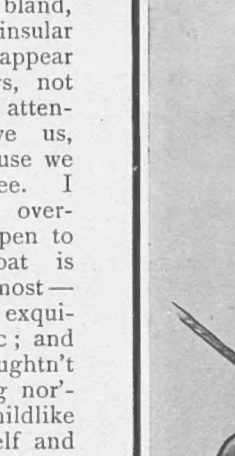
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Feb. 17, 1909.

Signature.....

• **BRUMMELL** •
IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER
By COSMO HAMILTON

 ONCE this week I was able to go out without an overcoat. Oh, that's good! My waistline was immensely appreciated, b'Jove. Crowds followed me up Piccadilly to the Bachelors' Club, where I happened to be lunchin' with a man that married and paid the fine to the committee, and would now gladly bribe Fate to wipe the incident out—poor dear devil. Till May be out cast not a clout, is one of the old farmer sayings. Personally I never can resist the call of the sun, and my gratitude to my tailor. Mind you, I don't court publicity. I loathe to feel that the limelight is on me, so to speak. I am simply, as of course you know, one of those very charmin', optimistic, bland, easy-goin', wholly insular coves who do what appear to be idiotic things, not in order to attract attention— heaven save us, no!—but just because we feel like it, d'y'see. I feel like castin' an overcoat because I happen to know that my coat is almost—I say almost—divine: a sort of exquisite chord of music; and out I go, when I oughtn't to—the wind being nor'-nor'-east—in a childlike spirit, to give myself and all the world a touch of joy, and so on.



Well, havin' explained fully an apparently difficult point, I'm goin' to set out to tell you what I consider is a very dramatic thing, and then, if you can and dare, say that the stage contains weirder things than life does. Long, long ago—about, roughly speaking, twelve years ago—I was a beardless boy, full of the heroism of youth—I mean I played footer and cricket and racquets and rowed and all that—and I had a pal, a long, thin, quiet, clenched-teeth old joker, who was born to do big things, whether he liked it or not. You've met the sort. He and I hunted in couples and fell in love with the same girl, and went to the same Jew for temporary help, and helped each other to pay off the three hundred per cent. interest, settled the affairs of the nation, drank school champagne, and did all the usual young things together until he went off into a cavalry regiment, and I—well, I came up for election to my club, took it up, and stayed there.

Now then. Watch this. All went well with dear old Bill for some time. He looked frightfully jolly in his uniform, was asked everywhere, got all his shootin' for nothin' and most of the meals he wanted. danced all night in the season, and was a fine soldier all round, none finer, a reg'lar credit to the Service. Oh, a good chap! Then he did it. Then, not content to live in the

Castle all of whose rooms bar one he had the run of—and, if you haven't guessed it, by Castle I mean life, d'y'see—not content to go on being happy and comfortable as he was with every mortal thing a man can have, he—well, I'll try to remain strictly unemotional—fell in love and married. Think of it! Think what marriage means to a man still in the first flush, still an optimist, still a believer in goodness and all that!

She was a pretty creature — one of the '09 brand of tall, slim, necky girls, with a puff of loosish hair, limp arms, illimitable cheek, and a fixed idea that everybody who comes into her line of sight is born specially to get something or carry something or buy something for her. Charmin', oh bless you, yes, charmin' just to hat, and say, "Har yar" to and so, on, but — well, I'm comin' to that, reluctantly but surely. Bill goes off to a show of sorts, to which his corps and a good many others were ordered—South Africa, if I remember rightly, except that I make it a habit never to remember unpleasant things—and durin' his absence Mrs. Bill goes and carries on with a—well, a man who—well, who had nothin' to do and did it. A human man, but indiscreet.

Bill comes home with a limp and a nice war-gratuity, and a suggestion of enteric and a D.S.O. — in fact, the whole collection of little things that you pick up when you go soldiering — and found that, instead of bein' wept over and fed up, and generally heroed, which is what you marry for, Mrs. Bill was longer in the neck than ever, and higher of eyebrow and more limp of arm. She just said "Hillo, Bill!" and passed on.

What? Well, Bill worried that out, and the result was a divorce. You remember it? The soul of honour himself, cove to marry his late ee. He did not marry ear old Bill is puttin' in it's one of the Romantic from place to place; and he's goin' to make him. That's happening. And I write this up instead of who write plays, what, I Anyway, it's life. It's



THE MOTOR FIEND: What have you been doin' all the morning?

THE GOLF MANIAC: Practising driving.

THE FIEND: How far did you drive?

THE MANIAC (*untruthfully*): About 250 yards.

THE FIEND: That's not *driving*, you silly rotter—that's skiddin'!

of course, Bill expected the other cove to marry his late wife. And that's the point, d'y'see. He did not marry her; and so how do you think dear old Bill is puttin' in his time? I'll tell you. I think it's one of the Romantic Things. He's chasin' that cove from place to place; and if he won't marry the once wife, he's goin' to make him bankrupt. Now then. That's a fact. That's happening. And if some chap who writes plays would write this up instead of priggish the plots of other chaps who write plays, what, I say, what a play it would make! Anyway, it's life. It's Society. And that's something.

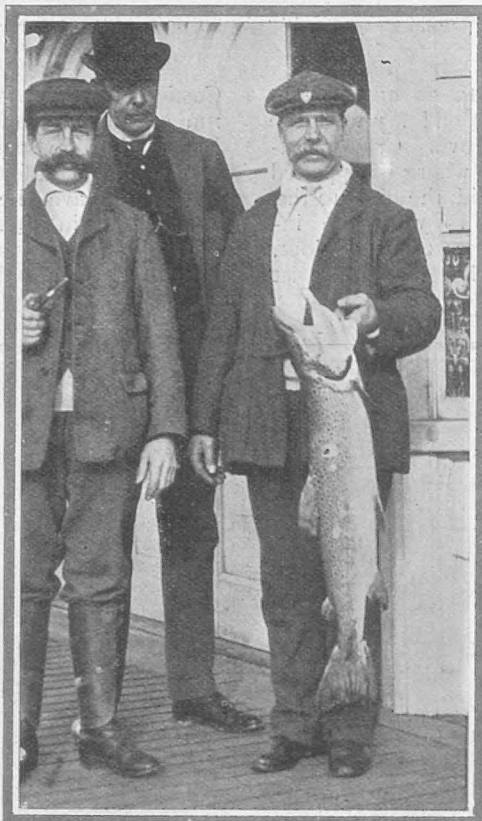


DR. SVEN HEDIN—AT THE GATES OF TIBET.

DR. SVEN HEDIN has set us all talking once more of Trans-himalaya. I have sat at the doors of Tibet, and I have seen just enough of that forbidden country to understand the longing every explorer had, and has, to travel over the snow-swept roof of the world. When I looked in through the crevices of the gates, the British expedition had not gone up to Lhassa; indeed, the treaty, the disregard of the provisions of which by the Tibetans brought about the march on the capital, was about to be signed. Mr. Hart, the brother of Sir Robert, and himself a high official in the Chinese Imperial Service, was then waiting at Darjeeling, the Himalayan station nearest to Calcutta, to represent the Imperial Chinese Government when the treaty was signed, and it rested with him where it should be signed on Tibetan territory.

Mr. Hart, as pleasant and jovial an Englishman as ever I met, had not been home to England for a very long stretch of years, and waited with exemplary patience, giving picnics and riding-parties the while, until the Amban and the Tibetan and the British authorities should have so far composed their differences as to make the signing of the treaty a possibility. Every official in the Chinese service is used to waiting; for there is no such unhurrying diplomacy in the world as is that of China. Mr. Hart had had experience of this; for it is said—*si non e vero*, etc.—that he was sent to Formosa, or some other island where the Chinese were in a diplomatic tangle, with orders to return and report when matters were arranged, and that the better part of ten years elapsed before he was in a position to do this. In any case, Mr. Hart waited quite patiently at Darjeeling with his British and Chinese secretaries, and messengers came and went across the border.

Some military survey business had brought me to Darjeeling at that period, and in the club of the merry little hill-station I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Hart. Everybody told me, enviously, that here was an Englishman who, if he chose, could go to Lhassa under Tibetan escort, and I devoutly hoped that, if he did go to the Tibetan capital to sign the treaty, room might be found in his suite for a British officer willing to serve in any capacity, from yak-driver upwards, who would promise not to eat very much. I felt sure that if this chance did come my way there would be no difficulty in obtaining leave, for both my regiment and Simla would have been very pleased to know that a British officer was going to be amongst the first white men to go into Lhassa; but I had no cause to ask for leave. Mr. Hart was far more



DOVER TROUT! THE 11½-LB. FISH CAUGHT OFF DOVER PIER.

The trout, which weighed 11½ lb., and was 38 inches long, was caught off Dover Promenade Pier by Mr. Dyer, a member of the Dover Deep Sea Angling Association. Before it could be landed a boat had to be fetched. The catch is a record, no similar capture having been made at Dover.



"GIVE ME CHAIR No. 4, PLEASE": AN AMERICAN DOING BUSINESS ON THE TELEPHONE WHILE BEING SHAVED.

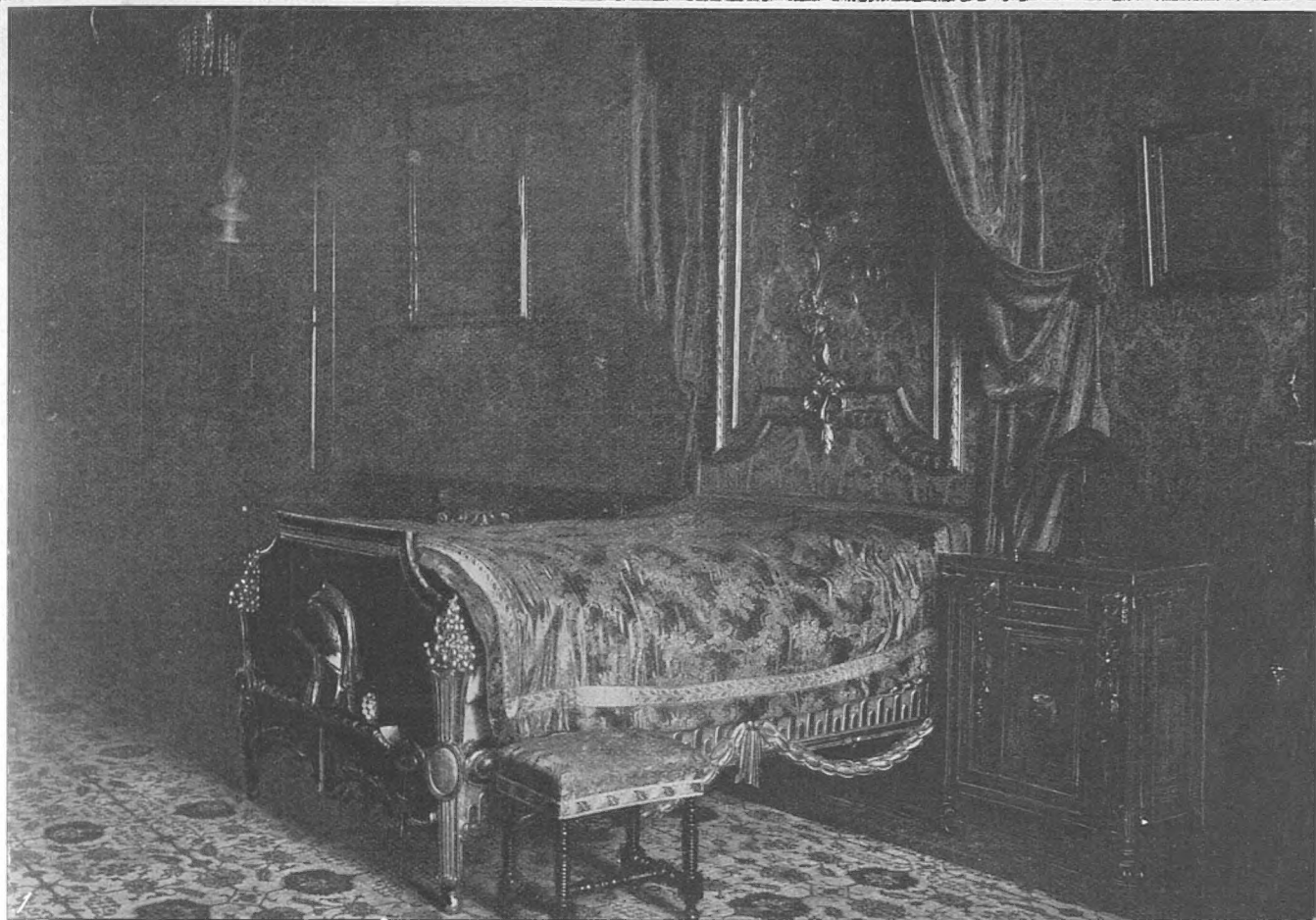
The up-to-date American barber has so arranged matters that his clients can conduct business by telephone while in his hands, and the modern hustling American says to his clerk, "Call me up at Chair No. 4 if anything happens," and goes to the barber's happy. It is not likely that the innovation will be introduced on this side of the Atlantic, for shaving is not the elaborate performance in England that it is in America.—(Photograph by P. J. Press Bureau.)

eager to get to London than to Lhassa; and when the moment was ripe for the signing of the treaty, he just stepped off British territory and signed it in a nice little valley near the border, and then took passage for England.

All I saw of Tibetan territory from this, the southern, gate into the country was just as much as any other Englishman could see by making a journey along the ridge which leads up to the mighty mountain, Kinchinjunga. It was difficult travelling, because of the height to which we mounted, and a brother-officer who was with me had to turn back because his ears and nose bled profusely; but the views were superb. Sometimes all the world below was hidden by a coverlet of cloud, with the white giants and great bare crags standing up through it, and at other times we looked down into tremendous valleys, the blue depths of which were so great that all detail was obliterated in them. Nepal was on one side, and Sikkim on the other; and where Kinchinjunga seemed almost to be over us (so clear was the air), and Everest spread out a little white field of unobtrusive peaks above all the other mountains, was Tibet. It looked a most inhospitable land, capped with white, and with valleys of black shade; but the Tibetans who came to the market at Darjeeling, carrying their praying-wheels, and usually with some very poor turquoises to sell, were very merry fellows. This was the gate by which Dr. Sven Hedin proposed to enter Tibet, but which Lord Morley closed against him, a matter which gave rise to some dignified chaff between the two at the Queen's Hall.

The other gate of Tibet which I saw was a northern one, where, in the foothills of the Himalayas, a mountain river came rushing down between enormous bare hills, and a thread of a path sometimes ran high along the mountain side, and sometimes dropped by neck-breaking steps down to the river. This was the path followed by Mr. Savage Landor when he went into Tibet and was so cruelly tortured by the Tibetans. Where the gorge of the river widened out into a stony little valley near the British border was a trading-station, a place of a few rough huts, and to this station the Tibetans used to drive their caravans. I was at this trading station when one of the caravans arrived, the beasts being all sheep, each with its saddle-bags laid across its back. The men were rough, silent fellows, in wonderfully dirty sheep-skin coats, worn with the wool inwards. Some kind of crystals—borax, I fancy, or perhaps salt—were contained in most of the saddle-bags, and some Indian merchants were waiting at the huts to trade.

WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN SLEPT IN BERLIN:
THEIR MAJESTIES' BEDROOMS IN THE ROYAL CASTLE.



1. THE KING'S BEDROOM, IN THE WILHELMSCHE WOHNUNG.

2. THE QUEEN'S BEDROOM, IN THE KÖNIGSKAMMERN SUITE OF APARTMENTS.

With his usual thoroughness, the Kaiser did everything he could to make the apartments allotted to the King and Queen as homelike as possible. For instance, books by British authors and photographs of British scenes were set about, while in the Queen's apartments figured portraits of Queen Victoria, the King, the Prince of Wales, and the King of Denmark. In the King's rooms were portraits of Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, the Queen, and the King himself, as well as a picture of her Majesty signed "Grannie and Baby. Alexandra." The Queen's suite of apartments, that known as the Königskammern, is on the first floor, and looks over the Lustgarten. It consists of a salon, a boudoir, a bathroom, and a bedroom. The bedroom is tapestried in dark red, and is lit by electric lamps that are hidden behind the cornice. The centre of the ceiling is a fine painting of the Abduction of Proserpine. The King was given the Wilhelmsche Wohnung, which fills a corner of the building. It consists of a study, a salon, a breakfast-room, a bathroom, and a bedroom. The bedroom is hung in green brocade.



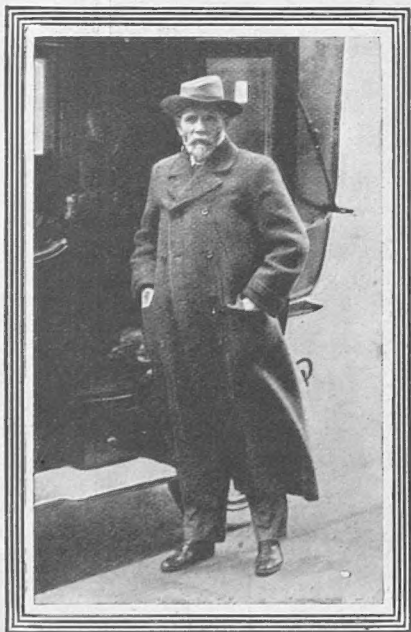
THE NEW PEERESS: LADY GORELL BARNES, WIFE OF THE EX-PRESIDENT OF THE DIVORCE COURT.

Before her marriage, Lady Gorell Barnes was Miss Mary Humpston Mitchell, daughter of Mr. Thomas Mitchell, of West Arthurlie.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

who is fifty this week, figures at all such functions, for he is one of those who survived the Jameson Raid, capture by the Boers, and the very mild ordeal of trial by his countrymen in the Strand, again to take up arms in 1899 and to suffer confinement with General White in Ladysmith. It is not expected that the dinner will be relished quite as it was for the few first anniversaries following the war, and this is not only because the gentlemen who suffered from short commons during the siege have had time to lose their appetites, but also because the keen edge of public sentiment has in the meantime been somewhat blunted. There is more zest about the preparations for the Royal Navy Club dinner on March 2, the day following the Ladysmith feast, to celebrate the battle of Cape St. Vincent. Captain the Earl of Hardwicke will be president, and Lord George Hamilton the guest of the evening.

Lady Smith Remembered. It will not be "conduct becoming officers and gentlemen" if no toast in honour of a lady is proposed at the Ladysmith feast, for where could a better toast be found than in the name that will top the menu-card on the Second? The lady,



THE CATTLE KING OF AUSTRALIA: MR. SIDNEY KIDMAN.

Mr. Kidman went to Australia a good many years ago with hardly a penny in his pocket. He now owns some 31,000,000 acres and 21,000 head of cattle and horses. He is sending several London 'busmen and their families to his station in Australia.

Photograph by L.N.A.

SMALL TALK

THE Ladysmith anniversary dinner will be eaten with no hostess, in defiance of its title, and without General Baden-Powell, who is to make an extensive journey in South Africa. Sir John Willoughby,

Derby and Joan. The north side of the Park has its attractions, and Lord and Lady Derby do not feel inclined to exchange them for the hereditary glories of St. James's Square. The house they occupied before they



TO MARRY MR. C. W. GORDON TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY): MISS GLADYS PAYNE.

Irish military society will gather in force to-day at the marriage of Miss Gladys Payne, eldest daughter of Captain L. Strange Payne, of Garryhaukard, County Cork.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



STOCKHOLM'S GREAT WINTER FESTIVAL—THE NORTHERN GAMES: MR. AND MRS. JOHNSON (OF ENGLAND), WINNERS OF THE PAIR SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP.

Photograph by Sports and General.

it wonderfully convenient for entertaining. Undoubtedly, house property in London is becoming less of a drug in the market, and really brisk times, both for selling and letting, appear to be setting in.



A FRENCH SOCIETY WOMAN WHO HAS GONE ON THE STAGE: Mlle. JULIET CLARENS (Mlle. DIETZ MONNEN).

Mlle. Clarens has gone on the French musical stage, and is appearing at the Bouffes Parisiens under the name of Dietz Monnen.

Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.

as well as the town, had experienced the horrors of a siege. Sir Harry has himself described the rescue of the Spanish convent-school girl, under fourteen years of age, from the atrocities that followed the siege of Badajos. "Too truly did our hitherto noble soldiers disgrace themselves. Yet this scene of debauchery, however cruel to many, to me has been the solace and whole happiness of my life." For "a poor, defenceless maiden" came with her elder sister to two English officers to be protected from the soldiery, "the blood still trickling down their necks, caused by the wrenching of their earrings by hands that would not trouble to unclasp them." Both officers fell in love, and Sir Harry's was the successful suit.

He-and-She-brew. The recent Jewish wedding of Mr. Gerald Montagu and Miss Castello gave the gentle guests an opportunity of watching a beautiful ceremony full of symbols. It is particularly interesting to note the unwearied freshness with which the officiating Rabbi at a Hebrew marriage cites the cases and examples of Rebecca and Rachel. Rachel and Rebecca have served for references at every synagogue wedding sermon for all these faithful centuries; but the Rabbi, having paid customary homage to those Biblical matrons, often adds some modern grace to his discourse. We have heard one wedding-preacher cite the answer of a Jewish

husband to a questioner asking him how much he loved his wife: "A little more than yesterday, and a little less than to-morrow." Jews are good husbands.

Divorce Courtiers. The appointment of a new Divorce Court President is always the occasion of a pun. Sir Francis Jeune was told that his court was no place for the *jeune fille*; and now a wit of the Bar foresees that many Bigham cases will be tried by Sir John Bigham. Sir John is a strong Judge, and he does not share the scruples which some of his brothers entertain on the subject of granting divorces. He will, I have reason to think, be found favourable to the growing movement for the suppression of full reports of divorce cases in the Press.



A NEW LADY RACEHORSE-OWNER: MRS. R. CECIL.

To the comparatively few lady owners of racehorses has been added this season Mrs. R. Cecil. Mrs. Cecil is the owner of Spotted Lady, a six-year-old that has already won a race for her. She is hoping to see her horses first past the post on many occasions.—[Photograph by Muggeridge.]

♣ ♣ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT! ♣ ♣



A YACHT DRAWN BY A MOTOR-CAR: A CAR TOWING AN ICE-YACHT.

Photograph by Topical.



A SLEDGE AS A RACING CARRIAGE: A SLEDGE DRAWN BY AN ICELAND PONY.

Photograph by Sports Co.



A PORKER PAIR: A NEW ENGLAND FARM-BOY DRIVING PIGS.

Photograph by Rollins.



FOX-HUNTING AT PAU: REYNARD IS RELEASED.

Photograph by G. Delton.



CYCLISTS WHO WATCH THEMSELVES RACING: A HOME TRAINER AND THE SERIES OF SMALL FIGURES THAT MARKS THE PROGRESS MADE. Those using the home trainer ride on rollers, which turn with the wheels of their machines. The progress of each competitor is marked by the movement of the small figure representing him on the miniature race-track.

Photograph by International Central Illustrations.

CROWNS-CORONETS COURTIERS



MISS NOEL MABEL LANGFORD,
WHO IS TO MARRY LIEUTENANT-
COMMANDER GEOFFREY MACK-
WORTH, R.N.

Miss Langford is well known in the West Country, her father being connected with the Bank of England in Plymouth.

Photograph by Heath

sergeant or an orderly had had a hand with the architect in the planning and the placing of them. Woolwork indeed! No cloth of gold ever witnessed a more gorgeous meeting between monarchs. I like to think of the pacific texts and tags that used to be worked in Berlin wool. But there are some people who put a very sinister interpretation on the worsted-work that England may have to associate with Berlin. The colours of that pattern are blood-red. Let us hope that these Cassandras go a-wool-gathering.

Mrs. David Beatty. Mrs. David Beatty, who has become quite a favourite Deeside hostess of royalty, was Miss Marshall Field, a daughter of the famous Chicago millionaire, and she married the King's good-looking aide-de-camp some few years ago. Possessed of some of the finest jewels in the world—for her father was a noted connoisseur of precious stones—she had the bad luck last year to be the victim of a much-paragraphed burglary. The thieves were not content with taking off Mrs. Beatty's jewels, but they also stole a number of Captain Beatty's medals and decorations. Captain and Mrs. David

BERLIN, in the memory of living man, was principally known in England for its wool. "Berlin Wool," ran the legend in provincial shops supplying our grandmothers with the materials for their worsted-work and their samplers. And now! Its sandy levels are covered with vast buildings, which look, as somebody says, as if a drill-

and now we are all made very much aware that we have a Marquess of Douro among our own people. An English University—that of Manchester—has just established a Readership in Portuguese—the first of its kind. The new

Reader is Mr. Edgar Prestage, who, after he left Oxford, dabbled in law and dabbled in literature, and in both with very good success. Then he went to Portugal and married a daughter of the country.

The Slack Season. The sobriety of the Dublin season—even Merrion Square has not filled its spare bedrooms—should suggest to Lady Londonderry, when she holds her committee meeting of the Royal Irish Industries Association, on the 23rd—the necessity of keeping Society in Ireland industrious in the manner of its entertainments.

A Palace in Park Lane. Londonderry House glories in the contrast afforded by its dingy exterior and sumptuous inner chambers. If the outside bears a smoky acknowledgment of the swarthy origin of Londonderry wealth, its marble sculpture gallery blushing denies the association. The wealth of the collieries came to Park Lane through that "expensive man" Sir Harry Vane Tempest, whose ardour for sport led him into many vain and tempestuous enterprises. He rode in the Park on a racehorse which had won him the St. Leger Stakes, and he made such wagers as involved knocking down the first man to enter the enclosure at Newmarket.



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER
GEOFFREY MACKWORTH, R.N., WHO
IS TO MARRY MISS NOEL MABEL
LANGFORD.

Commander Mackworth is the son of Colonel Sir Arthur Mackworth, Rt., and commands the "Arab."

Photograph by Steer



THE AMERICAN WIFE OF AN A.D.C. TO THE KING:
MRS. DAVID BEATTY, AND HER SON.

Mrs. David Beatty was Miss Marshall Field, a daughter of the great Chicago millionaire.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Beatty, who have a delightful house in Upper Grosvenor Street, as well as being tenants of Mr. Farquharson of Invercauld, entertain a good deal in a quiet way, and are noted personalities in the sporting world.

Portugalities. Following on the great domestic alliance between England and Spain, everyone will be glad to give Portugal the chance of a little look-in. The friendship between King Edward VII. and the Portuguese Ambassador is an old story;

The Dalmeny Engagement. It is customary to inform the King of any forthcoming marriages in which he is likely to be interested before the announcement of them appears in print. This courtesy was duly observed in the case of Lord Dalmeny's engagement, and his Majesty's hearty good wishes went forth instantly to the son and the grandson of his old friends. His Majesty knew Lord Dalmeny's mother almost from her girlhood.



PLAYER OF M. COQUENARD IN "VÉRONIQUE"
AT THE COURT: SIR SIMEON STUART, BT.

Sir Simeon Stuart was one of the Society amateurs who gave performances of "Veronique" at the Court last week, in aid of the Fresh Air Fund. His baronetage is one of the oldest, and he is the representative of two extinct peerages.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



ENGAGED TO MISS DOROTHY GROSVENOR: LORD
DALMENY, SON AND HEIR OF LORD ROSEBURY.

Miss Dorothy Grosvenor is the younger of Lord Henry Grosvenor's two daughters. She is in her nineteenth year. Lord Dalmeny is twenty-seven. For three seasons he captained the Surrey team. He is now an M.P., but has announced his decision not to stand at the next General Election.

Photograph by Bassano.

THE PRIMROSE - GROSVENOR ENGAGEMENT :
THE FUTURE LADY ROSEBERY.



MISS DOROTHY ALICE MARGARET AUGUSTA GROSVENOR, YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF LORD HENRY GROSVENOR,
WHO IS TO MARRY LORD DALMENY, ELDER SON AND HEIR OF LORD ROSEBERY.

Miss Dorothy Grosvenor is the younger daughter of Lord Henry Grosvenor, uncle of the Duke of Westminster, and is nineteen. Lord Dalmeny, the elder son and the heir of Lord Rosebery, is twenty-seven, was educated at Eton and at Sandhurst, and was formerly a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards. At present he is M.P. for Middlethian, but has announced that, being in disagreement with his Party, he will not stand at the next General Election. For three years he captained Surrey in the cricket field.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (Monocle)

"HAMLET"—"STRANGERS WITHIN THE GATES"—"THE TRUANTS,"

CONCERNING Mr. H. B. Irving's reading of the part of Hamlet there is little to be said except that it seems better than ever. To call it intelligent and interesting would be a mere commonplace, for in some ways it is ideal. There are passages of a wonderful and most appealing tenderness, touched with a gentle sorrow at the contrariness of the world. There have been complaints about a lack of reserve force in the more strenuous moments, but it is a fault which I have never noticed; nor have I any criticism to make of the player who begins "To be or not to be" without obtrusively calling attention to the fact that something of very special importance is now going to be said. Above all, Mr. Irving has that quality of personal fascination and magnetism which is the first essential of inspiration—and "inspiration" is not too strong a word to apply to the greater part of his performance.

The Dramatic Production Club, at the Royal Court Theatre, has once more justified its existence in producing "Strangers Within the Gates," by Mr. H. C. W. Hardinge. It is hardly a play which, in its present form, would be suitable for ordinary consumption, or can even be unreservedly praised as appealing to the elect; it is full of crudities, both of construction and dialogue, and for the whole of the first act threatens to be very commonplace and theatrical. Yet in the main idea and in the working out of its central situations it is quite remarkably powerful. A woman who had eloped from her husband twenty-three years before the play begins came to see her son, and found that he was the private secretary of the man whom she had wronged. The father, loving another woman, had determined to get a divorce: when he learnt the truth, he felt that for the boy's sake he must sacrifice his own hope of happiness. The boy then had to be told the truth about his mother. In a quite brilliant scene the mother struggled to retain her position in the boy's heart, and triumphed for a time by the use of a lie about the father. It was a simple, natural, and effective scene, and was played with intense emotional effect by Miss Granville, Mr. A. E. Anson, and Mr. Malcolm Cherry. If Mr. Hardinge can shake off his subservience to the purely theatrical, and is able to give us more such work as the second and third acts of this play, he will be making important contributions to the British drama.

Mr. Coleby's first play, "The Sway-Boat," had at least a *succès d'estime*. His second, "The Truants," seems likely to enjoy a long run, if one can judge safely by the first-night applause. The author has a chance of becoming a fashionable playwright; let us hope he possesses friends who will prevent him from digging up rejected manuscripts, and refurbishing them, or from writing in a hurry

in order to take advantage of his vogue. Plays quickly written swiftly die. What was it that delighted the house in "The Truants"? Not the plot, for that is trifling, and, worse still, closely examined, appears a little stale and commonplace—it was freshness of treatment and writing. The dramatist has not spent his time giving an unexpected turn to old tricks: he invents new pieces of business and novel characters. His dialogue is really witty, though there is not an epigram in it or a formal joke; he eschews the device of introducing a character to let off verbal fireworks. Nevertheless, phrase after phrase is so well suited to the character, so apt to the situation, and forcible, that there were roars of laughter. One could not give an example without half a mile of explanation. No one could understand why we all laughed each time that Pamela Grey used her catchword "riveting," who has not enjoyed the privilege of meeting Pamela, the most fascinating young person on our stage at the moment, except Maggie Shand. I hope that praise will not turn the head of Miss Athene Seyler, whose Christian name suits her personality so ill. To use her own kind of phraseology, she was "a fair knock-out." Within half a minute of her appearance she caught the fancy of the audience, and never lost it. Whether she was crying or laughing, squabbling or caressing, lying or larking, she was an irresistible, quaint young woman, perfectly presented by the new actress.

Miss Seyler did not enjoy the only triumph; once in a way, Mr. Dennis Eadie had a good part, and, of course, played it admirably. I do not think there is any kind of character he could not represent successfully. His picture of the gentleman brutalised in manner by hard living among rough people, and naturally fierce and obstinate, yet with a foundation of generosity and kindness, was quite charming. It must not be suggested that Miss Lena Ashwell was put into the shade; but the heroine's part is less showy than that of Pamela; indeed, the study of the "emancipated" young woman who becomes re-domesticated by love is very fine and true, and in the one strong scene of the play, where she tries to shoot the man who threatens to ruin Pamela, her work was very powerful; whilst in the passage where she is forced to choose between abandoning her child or her betrothed, her acting was of quite beautiful quality. A clever sketch of a prying busybody was very amusingly rendered by Miss Gertrude Scott; and Miss Margaret Murray made something of a droll little scene between a servant-maid and a naughty child. Mr. Norman McKinnel and Mr. C. M. Hallard had comparatively small parts, which they represented very well.



TO MARRY MR. A. DINGWALL: MISS ADRIENNE AUGARDE.

From New York comes the announcement of the engagement of Miss Adrienne Augarde, the well-known musical-comedy actress, to Mr. A. Dingwall, manager of the Broadway Theatre. Miss Augarde, it will be recalled, met with her first considerable success in London in "The Little Michus." Later, she played at the Gaiety; in "Clancarty," at the Lyric; in "The Sins of Society," at Drury Lane; and at His Majesty's, as Rosa Bud, in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

Photograph by the Fleet Agency.



Guillermo Herrero (Mr. Shiel Barry). Col. Stephen Cavendish (Mr. Lewis Waller). Iduna de Solaterra (Miss Evelyn D'Alroy).

THE SUDDEN WITHDRAWAL OF "THE CHIEF OF STAFF": THE MOST SENSATIONAL INCIDENT IN THE PLAY.—COLONEL STEPHEN CAVENDISH SHOOTING THE CONSPIRATORS WHO ATTACK HIM.

Mr. MacDonald's play, "The Chief of Staff," not having "caught on" as well as it was expected to do, was withdrawn on Saturday, after a run of some ten days. Mr. Waller is to play Beauchaire for about a fortnight, and will follow this with a revival of "The Musketeers," the version of "The Three Musketeers" in which he made so great a success some nine years ago.

Photograph by Foulsham and Danfield.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER MEETS HIS BEST FRIEND,
MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.



RUDOLF THE FIFTH (MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER) ENCOUNTERS RUDOLF RASSENDYLL (MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER).

Mr. Alexander revives "The Prisoner of Zenda" at the St. James's to-morrow (18th), and, as before, will play the King and Rudolf Rassendyll. The illustration is, of course, a photographic "fake," designed to show Mr. Alexander in the two rôles; obviously, no such meeting takes place on the stage.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Distinction and Difference.

Motorists have another bone to pick with the law. All are agreed that the King's highway is no place for the road hog, yet the law, as now interpreted in the Appeal Court, declares that a sow which has escaped from its sty has a perfect right to be on the road. Hence the man on the car who gets his motor smashed in seeking to avoid horses stampeded by the sow has no redress. In days when motors were not on the roads, the police had leisure to prosecute negligent farmers through whose faulty fences cattle leaked on to the road. But now they are so intent upon trapping hogs that they have no care for sows; and the law says it does not matter. Therefore, though the farmer would apparently have no claim on the motorist who chopped a straying horse into German sausage, the farmer would seemingly have an excellent case against the same motorist if his car converted an errant sow into rashers.

The Heavens Should be Telling.

Many of his fellow-countrymen must be wondering why young Mr. Vanderbilt should desire to run a coach on the Brighton Road again this year. It certainly does not quite accord with the true American utilitarian spirit. "Oh, we can afford it—we can stand it," said a prominent Chicago man to the writer when asked what he thought of the "Jungle" revelations. That which counts with most Americans is the money "in it." Lacking promise in this direction, a scheme is not worth American consideration. The national idea was expressed by a German who had bought himself American citizen rights, and listened one night on the way east in a liner to a fascinating lecture on stars by an eminent astronomer who happened to be on board. When the tale of the glory of the stars was ended, the new American put it bluntly, "Bud vot is der use of id? Id has no practigal use. Now, if I coult only shove all dose stars togedder so dey would spell 'Blank's Printing Ink' I would gif ten tousand dollars." The spirit of Alexander the Great and of Cecil Rhodes lived again in that man.

"Dr. Nansen, I Presume." Dr. Sven Hedin's description of his days of solitude in the wilds of Tibet (nearly three months at a stretch without sight of a soul beyond his own followers) must sound but a brief spell to Dr. Nansen, seeing that he passed two years on the ice after quitting the *Fram* without meeting a human being. His picture of the meeting with Jackson possesses as much human interest as anything in his book. The newcomer was well groomed, and carried with him a flavour of scented soap most grateful to the nostrils of Nansen, who was "clad in dirty rags, black with oil and soot,

with long, uncombed hair and shaggy beard, black with smoke, with a face in which the natural fair complexion could not possibly be discerned through the layer of fat and soot which a winter's endeavours with warm water, moss, rags, and at last a knife, had sought in vain to remove." Jackson had not the remotest notion who he was, and it came to him as quite an inspiration, after some minutes' conversation, to ask, "Aren't you Nansen?"



THE FEARSOME GARB OF THE OPERATING SURGEON: DRESSING THE DOCTOR.

The most elaborate precautions against septic poisoning are taken by the modern surgeon. Dr. Doyen, the famous French medical man, who is shown in the photograph, has devised a new outfit for the operating surgeon. The surgeon and his assistant wear blouses and aprons of sterilised material, and their dressers wear sterilised gloves. Both surgeon and assistant disinfect their hands, cover them with sterilised glycerine, and wear over them india-rubber gloves. The head is wrapped in sterilised bandages, so that the eyes alone are uncovered.

Photograph by P. Demiezy.

A Reasonable Beast.

The intelligent display of "Consul," the new monkey on show in town, makes all who see him wonder once again how much the monkey really knows. As good an example of approximate "reasoning" by the monkey was afforded by a little beast which was given into the charge of Mr. Arthur Maclean, at that time Principal of Brighton College. He was returning from India, and an officer friend who was moving up country begged him to take his monkey. "I have so high an opinion of her qualities," said her owner, "that I have appointed her guardian of four little puppies." The foster-mother and her family were installed in her new friend's room. She was chained to a pole, while the puppies sprawled around her. Given a handful of nuts, she was brought face to face with a problem. To eat the nuts she must have both paws engaged, and that would allow the pups to stray beyond her reach. She pondered with puckered brow for a while, then acted. Taking the first puppy, she laid it down facing north; the second she placed with head towards the south, the third facing the east, and the fourth pointing towards the west. Thus their tails met in the centre, and she sat down upon all four tips and ate her nuts, while her charges were gently restrained from breaking bounds.

What Should He Have Done?

The 'Varsity Association football match on Saturday will recall to the minds of regular attendants at this fixture a queer little incident of a few years ago, when one of the Cambridge backs impulsively fisted out a shot which was on the point of entering the goal. Amateur players do not like penalty kicks. One famous side against whom the punishment had been enforced sought to get the record expunged from the Association books. It was a ticklish position for the referee in the 'Varsity match. Had he let the offence pass unnoticed, he must have condoned a glaring breach of the rules, and, at the same time, have been a party to the other side's being robbed of a good goal. But amateurs still hate the penalty kick. It would be interesting to know how such a situation would be met by a referee ruling the game as critics of the punishment would have it.

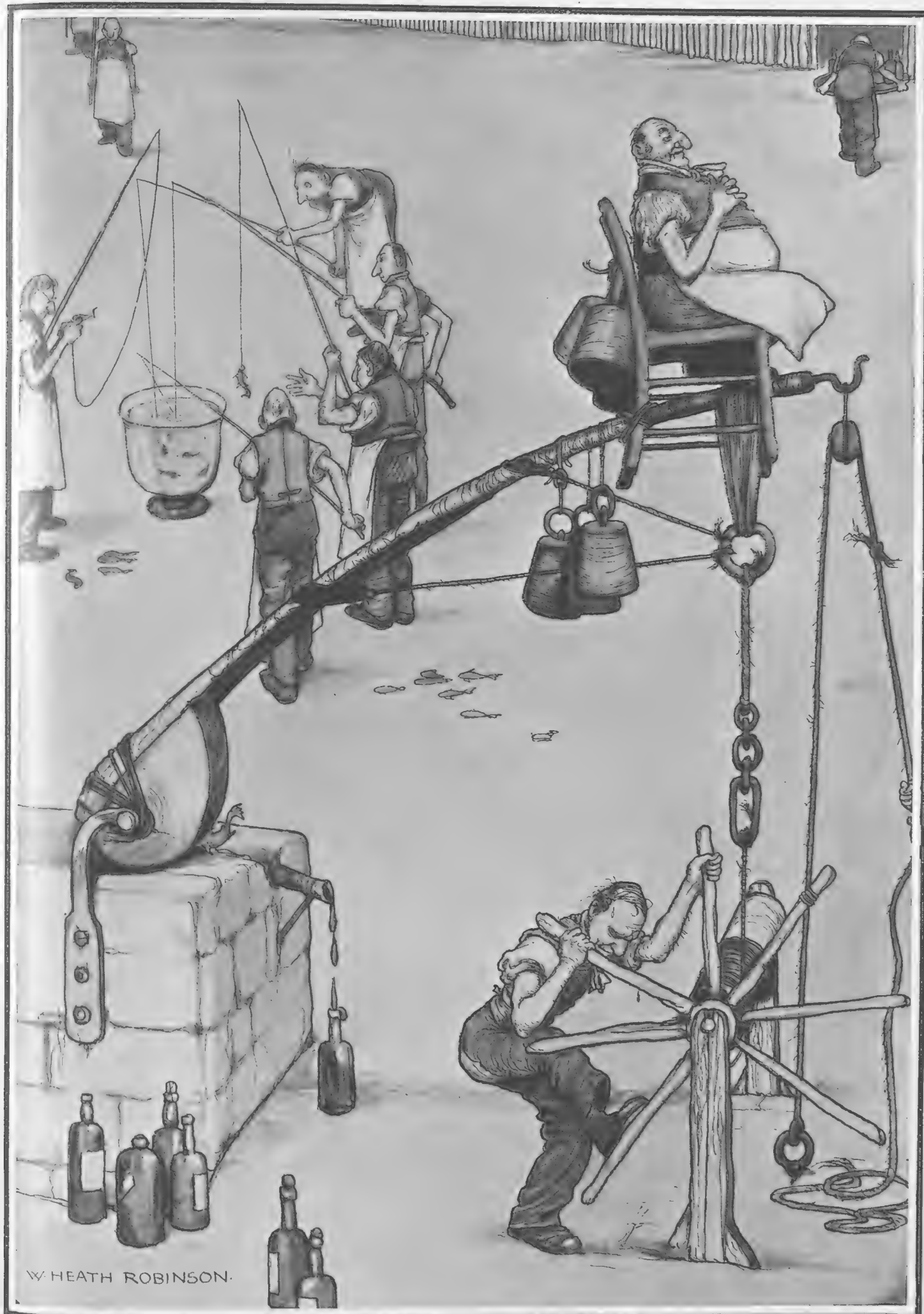


GOLD BRICKS—BUT NO TRICKS: UNLOADING BULLION FROM THE "KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE," AT PLYMOUTH.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

Great British Industries — Duly Protected.

(SECOND SERIES.)



II.—BREWING ANCHOVY SAUCE.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MORE than ordinary interest attaches to the motor-tour of "Dolly Reforming Herself," which begins on Monday.

The reason for this is obviously centred in the directorate, for it brings into combination Mr. Jerrard Grant Allen and Mr. Geoffrey Besant, sons of two of the most distinguished novelists of the Victorian era. As most readers of *The Sketch* are probably

aware, the tour will be one of real American hustle, seeing that during the course of thirty-six week-days Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's brilliant comedy will be played forty-six times in forty-six different towns! This will necessitate a motor-car journey every day, and on the days when a matinée is given as well as an evening performance, two journeys. These journeys, however, will not, as a rule, be long ones, and will be made in a motor-car which has been specially built for the purpose. It will be lighted and heated by electricity, and will be the last word in motor luxury. Mr.



SHAKESPEARE MONTH AT THE CORONET:
MR. F. R. BENSON AS RICHARD III.

Mr. F. R. Benson began his four weeks' season of Shakespeare and old comedy at the Coronet last week, opening with "Richard III." During the same week he produced "Macbeth," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Hamlet," "Henry V.," "Coriolanus," and "The School for Scandal."

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.

Jerrard Grant Allen may be regarded as the pioneer in motor-car theatrical touring, for some time ago he organised a series of flying matinées with Miss Louie Freear in "The Fortunes of Fan," by Mr. H. M. Paull, the author of "The New Clown." As he contemplates the route he has mapped out for the present tour, Mr. Grant Allen may well offer up a silent prayer that history will not repeat itself so far as the following incident is concerned.

With Miss Freear he toured the company in four motor-cars. One day, during a journey from Portsmouth to Bournemouth, two of the cars broke down hopelessly. With all convenient speed he packed as many of the actors as he could get into the other two cars, and sent them on to their destination. There was no room, however, for two of them, so, having arranged how their parts were to be "doubled" or played by other members of the company, he bade them godspeed, and sent them on their way. With the chauffeurs of the broken cars and the two actors, Mr. Grant Allen spent an exasperatingly unpleasant time tinkering at the broken-down machinery, interspersed with pulling and pushing the cars, until eventually he reached Southampton, where he was able to hire another car. In this he and the two actors scorched to Bournemouth, racing through the New Forest at something like fifty miles an hour, though, happily, without being held up by any over-zealous policeman for exceeding the legal speed. Eventually, Mr. Grant Allen succeeded in getting to Bournemouth just in time to see the curtain fall on the last act of the play.

One of the most graceful compliments ever paid to or received by a dramatist was surely contained in some words spoken by Mr. Charles Frohman to M. Bernstein, the brilliant author of "Samson," in which Mr. Bouchier has made so great a personal success at the

Garriick. It was the morning after Sardou's death occurred. Mr. Frohman was standing talking with another dramatist in his hotel in Paris, when he excused himself, as he had an appointment with M. Bernstein. At that moment the door opened, and M. Bernstein entered, evidently perturbed; and, as he drew near Mr. Frohman, he said: "Le Maître est mort!" "Le Maître est mort! Vive le Maître!" said Mr. Frohman to M. Bernstein, whose admirers declare he is the heir of Sardou, and something more, for without Sardou's great amount of "preparation" he evolves scenes of vivid force and vitality.

By the way, Mr. Frohman is also credited with a decidedly interesting story of Sardou. He received a visit from Sardou, and as he sat down, the Master's first remark was—"It is a pity, but Dumas fils is dead!" Mr. Frohman, amazed, exclaimed—"You don't mean it! I didn't even know he was ill!" "Oh," replied M. Sardou, "he breathes, walks about, and seems alive, but he is really dead. The Paris papers are praising him!"

The revival of "Monsieur Beaucaire" at the Lyric makes the following incident decidedly apropos, for it refers to a racehorse of that name which was once owned by Mr. Lewis Waller. A little while after "Monsieur Beaucaire" was first produced, he was in Dublin during the horse-show week. One night Mr. Lyston Lyle, at that time his business manager, and a well-known trainer were supping with Mr. Waller, when the trainer mentioned that he had bought several yearlings for clients, and had also secured one for himself. Mr. Lyle, who is a fine judge of racehorses, had noticed the yearling the trainer had bought, and suggested that the latter should let Mr. Waller have the colt, which might be called "Beaucaire." To this the trainer agreed, on condition that he trained the animal. The following spring the colt was tried, and several gentlemen motored down to Sussex to see the trial. At first the horse behaved very badly, as, directly the others started, he threw his rider, turned round, and galloped towards the motor with, apparently, every intention of getting into it. After that, there was another start, and Beaucaire managed to win.

A little while later, when the horse was about to run his first race, a message was taken to the theatre that Mr. Waller's jockey would like to see him. The jockey entered Mr. Waller's room, and turned out to be the call-boy, who, dressed in a pair of new breeches and a silk jacket of the Waller colours, evidently thought no small beer of himself, and thoroughly enjoyed the slight practical joke in which he had been made to take part. Beaucaire ran in several races, but belied his name, for he was not

a success. Not very long ago a friend, who remembered Mr. Waller's acquisition, but had evidently not followed the animal's career, asked how the racehorse was getting on. "Oh," replied Mr. Waller genially, "I saw him in a hansom the other day; he took me to Waterloo and—I missed my train."



"LA PETITE BOHÉMIENNE", Mlle. LEONORA,
AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photograph by Bassano.

NOM D'UN NOM!



MISS. SMITH: You must remember that children have their uses, if only to perpetuate your name. Now, when I die, I'm afraid the name of Smith will die with me.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

I HAVE been reading two articles, one this month and one last, in the *National Review*, by Mr. George Hookham, on "The Shakespearean Problem." They are good articles, almost so good as to express my own views on the matter. There is a question: "Did Shakespeare Write Shakespeare's Plays?" One answer to it is—"No, Bacon did." Another answer is—"Of course he did; the Baconians are cranks and idiots." Either one or the other is the usual answer. But there is yet a third, given by very few people indeed, and it is simply—"I can't believe it."

I am one of those few people. I cannot believe that Shakespeare, or Shakspeare, or however he wrote his name, who came from Stratford and acted in London, and retired to Stratford and there perished, wrote the plays which we call Shakespeare's plays. I say "cannot" advisedly. It is simply that: my mind is so ordered that with the known facts of Shakespeare's life before me I cannot believe that he wrote the plays. I had no prejudice when I first realised that; I did not wish (of that I am certain) to be of a remarkable minority; my general sympathies were with the kind of people—kind for kind—who dismissed the objections contemptuously; above all, there was nothing particularly attractive to me in the theory that Bacon wrote the plays. That still seems to me a more or less engaging hypothesis, and only that; the evidence is altogether insufficient—is, indeed, as far as I know it, microscopic for such a violent endeavour. But whoever wrote the plays, my mind refuses to believe that Shakespeare of Stratford wrote them.

It is simply a miracle which I cannot believe. There was, a little time ago, a controversy about miracles, in the *New Age*, between Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Bernard Shaw, in the course of which the latter remarked that every man, almost, can be confronted with one alleged miracle or another which he does not accept. He may believe a hundred; he will reject the hundred-and-first. The Shakespearean authorship of the Shakespearean plays is one of my incredible miracles. I am told of contemporary and uncontradicted testimony that he wrote them, and of general tradition; and I find myself in the old rationalist position about other miracles: that it is more likely that the testimony was false or mistaken than that the miracle happened.

The nature of the miracle is as follows: There are certain plays the ultimate intellectual merit of which is disputed, but concerning which it is certain that their author must have been a man possessed of the highest culture of his period, a widely read Latin scholar, a man versed in the gentle society of his day, an accomplished man of the world, a lawyer learned in the legal system of his own and other countries, a man who at least had thought a great deal—profoundly or not is another point,

but delicately and subtly are adverbs no sane person could deny him—about most human relationships. The alleged author of those plays was a man who was almost certainly illiterate or half-illiterate, and who was quite certainly one—in so far as we know him apart from the plays—of mean and paltry instincts and pursuits, who could have had none but the most superficial and casual knowledge of any society except the burgess society of Stratford and his comrades on the boards. (I have heard that an eminent Judge—I don't give his name, for the knowledge is private, and may not have been published—a Judge especially conversant with signatures and handwritings, was quite convinced that the man who wrote the authentic signatures of Shakespeare could write nothing else: that he had learned laboriously to trace the symbols of his own name for legal purposes. But this by the way.) I am asked to believe that the author of the Shakespeare plays gave up writing in early middle life, went back to Stratford, and, having engaged in a paltry money-lending business and made a ridiculous will, leaving his second-best bed, and so forth, died there. Well, my mind will not credit it. I find it far easier to believe that, from some reason or other not known to me, the plays were attributed to the wrong man and the authorship accepted by him.

The answer to all this is the word "genius." Genius truly will account for much. It accounts for Keats, and sufficiently accounts for a young man of his antecedents writing his poetry. Mark you, in the foregoing I have said nothing of the poetry, as pure poetry, of the plays and sonnets. The magic mastery of words and their music comes to one or another. Given the range in the plays, that would still have been a miracle, but a miracle I could have believed. But, as Mr. Hookham remarks, genius cannot of itself supply knowledge, or that wide and easy experience of life which is so certain in the plays. It may supply something better, but that is not the point. The plays must have been written by an accomplished scholar, as far as Latin would take him, and by an experienced and thoughtful observer of life, and Shakespeare could have been neither; and in putting the difficulty in these terms I believe I am putting it far too slightly.

I have stated the matter roughly, as I would state it in conversation to anyone who had not thought about it. Until the facts we know about Shakespeare turn out not to be facts I shall not believe that he wrote the plays—fifty Mr. Sidney Lees to the contrary. Mr. Hookham evidently believes in Bacon's authorship, and that is why I cannot follow him altogether: the evidence is not nearly enough. But suppose that some new discovery proves that either he or another wrote them—anyone but Shakespeare! It will distress many worthy men, but it will delight— N. O. I.



EUROPEANS IN EASTERN GARB: DR. AND MRS. A. HUME-GRIFFITH IN BAKHTIAN COSTUME.

Dr. Hume-Griffith's dress is that of a chief, and is of blue cloth lined with red flannel; and the lady's is of richly brocaded velvet, and her head-coverings are of very pretty muslin, embroidered with silk. Dr. Hume-Griffith was appointed in 1900 by the Church Missionary Society to open medical work in Kerman. "Within a month," writes his wife, "we were married, had bought our outfit, and started for the romantic land of Persia."

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A BRIDGE, BELIEVED TO HAVE EXISTED IN THE TIME OF JONAH: THE LINK BETWEEN NINEVEH AND MOSUL.

This bridge over the Tigris connects Nineveh with Mosul, and the part formed of boats is said to have existed in the days of Jonah. "This part of the bridge is movable. . . . In the spring, when the rush of water is very strong, consequent upon the snow melting in the mountains, it is loosened at one end and allowed to swing with the current. Sometimes, however, the river rises suddenly, carrying the bridge away and playing havoc with the banks."

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TOO LATE, MY CHE — E — IL D !



MAMMA: Watcher cryin' fer? JOHN: Down't like this kike.
MAMMA: Then don't eat it, silly. JOHN: I 'ave eat it.

DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE PASSER-BY.

THIS sounds as if it had something to do with "The Passing of the Third-Floor Back," but it hasn't.

It has nothing to do with the brilliant Mr. Jerome nor the gifted Mr. Forbes Robertson. It is merely an insignificant trifle which concerns itself solely with one little white-faced woman and me.

I call it insignificant advisedly, yet it worries me. Go where I will, try as I please, I can't get rid of it. It haunts me in the most ridiculous way.

There is, for instance, an anæmic housemaid in the hotel where I'm now staying. She reminds me of it whenever I meet her dragging wearily up and down the stairs with her brooms and pails. She has just the same kind of wondering pathos in her soft, brown eyes. There's a girl at the rink who can't skate. She tumbles down about every two minutes, and nobody asks if she's hurt herself. She picks herself up and goes on again, quietly smiling. She'll never skate if she lives to be a million, but—her smile is just the same. There's a man who sits at the table next mine. He's a great brute of a fellow with an excellent tailor, a white-teethy smile, and a fragile little wife. He shouts at her when he loses at bridge, and tells everybody that he married her for her money. Everybody laughs when he says this, and so—after a moment's hesitation—does his wife. It's a pretty little laugh enough, but—she wears a brown hat with an enormous brown feather, and it worries me. The little white-faced woman always wore brown.

The little white-faced woman and I met at a London boarding-house. I never spoke to her. I don't know her name or where she came from. I don't know whether she was good or bad, rich or poor, happy or miserable. All I know is that in the house she was known as "Lingford's girl."

Lingford was an Australian. He was a well-set up man, with a jowly chin, a sparkling eye, and quantities of prematurely grey hair. He was the kind of man one asks about. I asked about him in due course. My friend told me he was rich, and had a wife who lived three parts of the year in Paris, had a fine figure, and dressed at Paquin's. Incidentally, there were children—also in Paris—and—in the absence of Mrs. Lingford—"Lingford's girl."

The girl came to dinner on Saturdays, and on Sunday spent the day. The Outraged Proprieties stared at the girl and cut her, as is The Outraged Proprieties' way. Once, when she had the audacity to go to the drawing-room, The Outraged Proprieties put down their foot to such good purpose that Lingford's girl walked out.

I listened to the familiar little history with idle amusement—the delinquencies of people who do not concern one are always amusing, and my friend had the gift of telling a story well—then I forgot all about it till Saturday and Lingford's girl arrived.

They came in late for dinner, and the room was full. Everybody stopped talking and eating to look at them. As she followed Lingford, who came first, with his usual easy assurance and his eyes sparkling more than usual, I noticed she wore a brown hat and walked badly. As I picked at my fried whiting, I wondered how she felt.

It was not until the sweets were served that I permitted myself to look over at Lingford's table. Lingford was eating apple-tart with a fine appetite. Lingford's girl was sipping her claret in a listless sort of way. To my surprise, her dark eyes were fixed on me.

Her eyes were the redeeming feature of a face whose only charm was its sensitive pallor. The mouth was too large, the nose too broad for beauty, but the eyes were wonderful. They held a whole world of pathos and humour and entreaty as they met mine across the room.

As it happens, eyes always attract me strangely. I have all sorts of odd theories about them. To me, they reveal all that the careful lips conceal. The magnetic glance of Lingford's girl called me with far greater potency than if she had actually spoken. I returned to my cheese with a curious sense of mental exhilaration. I knew as well as if she had told me that she had heard I was "modern" and of unapproachable social position. If I spoke to her, every other woman in the house would say "good-morning." If I sat on in the drawing-room contaminated by her poor little

presence, not one of The Outraged Proprieties would move. "I am neither bad nor bold," the dark eyes called to me, "but I love him, and he is married already. For the sake of our common womanhood, show me a little mercy if you can."

Why a girl who had life's two greatest gifts—good clothes and a lover—should break her heart because half-a-dozen women whom she didn't know refused to say "good-morning" was to me a mystery. But there was no question in my mind about it. If eyes counted for anything in the Cosmos of Belgravia, breaking her heart she was.

Things are fairly easy in this world when one is "modern" and one's social position unapproachable. I made up my mind I would speak to her that night in the hall.

I had just arrived at this momentous decision when Lingford looked at his watch and rose. I watched the dainty little figure following in the wake of his broad shoulders with an awkwardness born of the consciousness of forty stonily staring eyes. It did not need the shrilling of the taxi-cab whistle to tell me that I was not destined to throw open the gates of social paradise that evening to Lingford's girl.

Next day was Sunday. I had horrible neuralgia and came down late. Lingford's girl, who was markedly plain by daylight, wore a brown-lace blouse with a diamond pendant round her neck.

"Let's hope it's Parisian," my friend whispered to me as she rustled into her chair, displaying her silver prayer-book for non-churchgoers' edification. "If it's real and she knew of it, it would simply *kill* his poor wife!"

I did not answer her. I was too occupied in calculating, if the woman who was afflicted with seven devils won Heaven by her suffering, what extra joys in the Hereafter were reserved to compensate me! In a moment of relief from my misery, however, I looked up and caught the dark eyes alight with sympathy. She of all the women in the room had found out I was in torture. If I had not feared she might have misunderstood me, I should have smiled.

As it was, I reserved myself till after the middle-day dinner. I promised myself I would be markedly pleasant in the hall. I think she must have hoped something of the kind was my intention, for, when I went there later, I found the great place deserted but for her presence. She stood by the fire as if she were waiting. There was a kind of passionate intentness on her little white face. As I went towards her, a sudden paroxysm of pain seized me. To prevent myself crying out, I turned away and went quickly up the stairs. It was only later that the thought occurred to me that she might have possibly imagined that I had gone out of my way to be rude.

Towards the middle of the week I emerged from my misery, when I went downstairs to find Mrs. Lingford unexpectedly arrived. Exquisitely dressed and of excellent presence, she sat beside her husband with a handsome face as hard as nails. Surveying the jewels blazing in her hair and on her bosom, I will confess I thought that even if the little diamond pendant on the brown-lace blouse had been real, she might have survived the loss of one.

Lingford, with lustreless eyes, his jowl thrust sharply forward, ate his way through his dinner in savage silence. Except to grumble to his right-hand neighbour about the weather and to the waiter about the food, he never opened his lips during the whole of the meal.

When Mrs. Lingford sailed down the room after dinner, her husband behind her, a mutual friend caught her and introduced us. She was pleased to take a wholly unreturned fancy for my company, and for the ten days of her visit we were constantly together. I found her an entertaining if somewhat self-centred mentality. If it had not been for a pair of beseeching dark eyes, which intermittently came between us, I think it possible I might have liked her as well as she apparently liked me.

As it was, however, I was glad when Mrs. Lingford returned to Paris. I found myself looking forward with distinct pleasure to making life a little less intolerable for the girl.

On the Saturday evening, the dark eyes under the shadow of the brown hat watched me with a soft insistence that moved me strangely. I like to think that she gauged the friendliness of mine correctly, for, with a sudden flush that made her almost

(Continued overleaf.)

CREDIT — WHERE CREDIT IS DUE.



THE COLLECTOR (*endeavouring to raise funds for a widow and orphans*): Now, Mr. Flanagan, can I put you down for a small subscription?

FLANAGHAN (*a very hard case*): Shure, it's a very laudable object, and ye can put me down for three-and-sixpence, and the Lord knows I'd give ye the money if I had it.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

beautiful, she turned to Lingford and whispered to him gaily. If the laws of cause and effect may be trusted, my name must have passed between them, for, with masculine maladroitness, Lingford looked instantly in my direction and, with marked *empressement*, smiled and bowed. At that instant, a servant brought me a message, and I found myself committed to a theatre party. My friends were waiting outside in their motor. I was sorry, but I had no alternative. I had to leave my dinner and go. As I came downstairs after fetching my cloak, Lingford, who was standing in the hall, left her, and with a courtesy that could not be mistaken, opened the door. If he had only stuck to his rule of never paying the smallest attention to women, I would have spoken as I passed them. With his broad shoulders between us the thing was impossible. There was nothing to do but to thank him and wish him further.

I passed her by.

Next day at dinner they came in late, as usual. Her face was waxen in its fragile pallor. She did not look at me at all. I noticed she ate nothing and amused myself willing the dark eyes to turn and disclose me the secret of her newly added pain. Had she quarrelled with Lingford, or had, as I more than suspected, some of the women been unusually unkind?

I cut short my friend's raptures on her pet priest's sermon, and found out that such indeed had been the case.

"The idea of her presuming to tell me the wind was cold," said my friend, tossing her fair head until the gold grapes in her white-ermine busby nearly fell on to her plate.

I looked at her in silence. She was young. She was rich. She was most fair. She had everything the world could give her, and she was furious because another woman to whom the world had given nothing had ventured to say that the wind was cold! What are we women made of? God knows, who made us. Not I.

"What right have you to judge her?" I asked her. "For all you know, this girl is as good as you or I."

My friend burst out laughing. "Do come here," she called to an acquaintance who was passing at the moment. "Such fun! Here's this dear, delightful lunatic going for me because I very naturally refused to speak to Lingford's girl. Just imagine, the creature had the audacity to speak to me this morning!"

The woman, an odious person, all frizzled hair and bangles, rolled malignant, virtuous eyes. "My dear! No! What unforgivable impertinence!"

"Let us hope the lady in question will not consider *my* impertinence unforgivable when I speak to her," I said drily.

The two of them stared at me as if I'd suddenly taken leave of my senses. "You're *not*!" they gasped together.

"Pardon me. I am!"

"Well, I won't!" declared my friend with vigour. "Will you?"

The malignant, virtuous eyes shifted uneasily. "Of course, if dear Lady Calthrop speaks to her, my dear..."

I left the frizzled head and the ermine busby wagging together and went into the drawing-room. I knew she always crept in there while Lingford—who, though he possibly loved her, loved himself considerably better—went to the billiard-room and smoked a cigar. The room was empty. I sat myself down and waited for her to come.

For one whole hour by the clock, for my sins, I waited in that ghastly room. But the fates were against us. For the first time, probably, since she came to the house, she never came near it. Chilled and disgusted, I dressed and went out. It only came to me later that the morning's encounter had possibly determined her never to enter the room again.

On my return I found friends had called whom I was most anxious to see. They were passing through London, and would telephone at seven. It was then about five minutes to. I went into the drawing-room to wait out of the draughts in the hall. The room was crowded with women. The news of my proposed condescension had evidently circulated. There was not one single unoccupied chair.

I stood near the half-open door waiting for the telephone-bell, which was just outside, to ring. Suddenly I heard Lingford speaking.

"I know she's in there," he was saying. "I saw her go in."

I told myself amusedly that "she" undoubtedly meant "me."

"Do go in," said Lingford. "She's not an old cat like the others. I'm sure she'll speak to you and put things right."

"I daren't," said the girl piteously. "Don't ask me to!"

I smiled to myself triumphantly. The soft voice matched the eyes.

"To please *me*," said Lingford.

There was a moment's silence, then the door was pushed gently open and she came in.

For an instant she stood timidly on the threshold looking at us with dark, beseeching eyes. Then she saw me. Her white face flushed all over. I was just going to speak, when the telephone rang.

Everything but the importance of the message went out of my head for a moment. "Excuse me," I said, bowing hurriedly. She stood aside. I passed her by in the doorway. To my horror, every woman got up from her chair and followed me out of the room.

Angry as I was, my business had to be attended to. The instant I had finished at the telephone, I went straight back to the drawing-room. My heart was on fire to explain my share in the matter.

The great room was empty.

She had gone.

That is the last I saw of the little white-faced woman, for at supper their places remained unoccupied. The next morning, when I inquired for Mr. Lingford, I was told he had left the hotel for good.

At first I thought of writing to him, but the letter proved surprisingly difficult to write. I left it in the hope of an inspiration. After a lapse of a day my explanation appeared less urgent; at the end of a week, an impertinence. In the end, I did not write.

As I said, an insignificant trifle. Yet it worries me. I feel as one must feel when one has inadvertently kicked a pet animal or broken one's word to a child. I've no doubt she was bad and bold and all they said of her, yet I can't forget her.

The anæmic housemaid, the girl at the rink, and the wife who was married for her money—they get in my way and worry me.

I'd like to send them and their pails and their bad skating and their Bridge and their sad brown eyes to the devil.

As I can't—I suppose I shall have to leave.

THE END.



METHOD IN MADNESS.

THE VISITOR: If you really are Napoleon, tell me how you came to lose the Battle of Waterloo.

THE LUNATIC: Sir, I make it a rule never to talk shop.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

THE Baroness von Cederström, who celebrates a birthday this week, has promised her services to Father Bernard Vaughan in the autumn, showing that she herself shares the general confidence in the staying-powers of her voice. Her birthday is, no

"unmarked festival," hidden away from her husband and the world. Patti has the courage to be brilliantly young, even while asking for our congratulations on the fiftieth anniversary of her début, in New York, in 1859. She made her first appearance in London three years later, about a hundred and seventy years after the coming of a lady styled Francesca Margherita d'Epine, the first Italian singer of any note to visit this country. This pioneer songstress gained considerable popularity, but also much ridicule at the hands of the writers of the day. Swift is rude, as he would hardly have been to a Patti to-day; "I went to a rehearsal; and there was Margarita and her sister and another drab, and a parcel of fiddlers. I was weary."

The Senator Abroad.

There are to be more American visitors in town this year than ever. So say the

TOOTING THE TRAFFIC: A GERMAN POLICEMAN AT WORK IN THE BERLIN STREETS.

The arm of the British bobby and the white bâton of the French policeman have their equal in Germany in the little trumpet which is blown by the Berlin policemen engaged in directing traffic.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

prophets; and they point in token to the large Transatlantic tribes already mustering on the Riviera, and, indeed, in London itself. Even now the great hotels are familiar with the tongue that has not yet caught (and never will catch) "the English accent." One elderly gentleman attracted a stare in Piccadilly because he walked with the help of a crutch. But he might have been regarded for quite other reasons. You look at a millionaire very much, as you look at a beauty—you wonder where the secret lies. The temporarily limping Croesus (the limp the result of a recent fall on a bit of banana-peel) was Senator Clark, whose silver-mines in Arizona have made him one of the richest men on earth. The

Senator, when he came to London, left his young wife in Paris, whither he himself has now returned. Meanwhile a thousand masons and carpenters are at work on the mansion the Senator is erecting in New York.

The Fight Against Flesh.

Another American who is now in Europe, and will shortly revisit the London that makes her particularly welcome, is Mrs. Wharton, one of the New York Four Hundred, whose smart writing justifies her smartness as a woman. Smart clothes on dull women are a case of symbolism gone wrong; and Mrs. Wharton has perhaps some sense of this when she hears the smart set in New York saying that they, too, would

write novels if they had the time. Mrs. Wharton knows by heart the American man whose astuteness always appears to be the result of innocence rather than experience, and the American woman of comfortable proportions whose body is the perennial battleground between—the cook and the corset-maker.

A Thirteen-Year-Old Mountain-Climber.

To climb a mountain 14,271 ft. high, and an admittedly difficult mountain at that, is a feat of which a grown man may not unreasonably be proud. It assumes, however, a different aspect when it is successfully undertaken by a girl of thirteen. This, however, is what was done by Miss Emily Boynton, the daughter of Mr. Charles W. Boynton, the editor of the *Longmont Ledger*, Colorado. The mountain in question was Long's Peak, commonly known as "the American Matterhorn." At the time of her ascent Miss Boynton was the youngest girl who had

ever walked to the top of the peak and back again. The difficult part of the climb is the last 5000 ft., but before that can be undertaken there is a seven-mile walk to reach an altitude of 9000 ft. Miss Boynton's achievement therefore represented a walk of fourteen miles, besides the climb up and down. During the last part of the climb the trail is narrow, and at one point, on an exceedingly narrow ledge, it is necessary to climb round what is known as "Danger Rock," an appropriately named portion of the peak which affords little room for a hold. Even there, Miss Boynton refused the help of the guide.

Gingerbread Jonathan. Since the tremors in Wall Street a new class has established itself in the States, and the millionaire, with the gilt rubbed off him, is posing as a man of moderate means, and practising manifold economies. Not long ago a list of thirteen distin-

guished Americans who had contributed towards the Oxford University Fund was published. These gentlemen were supposed to have scraped together £205. But the list was incomplete, and the names of three others should have been included. We should not, perhaps; look this Lilliputian gift-horse in the mouth; but there are other steeds that may be duly remarked as indications of the lack-dollar condition of affairs in the States. American-bred horses now come to the English sale-rooms, and Lord Lonsdale is rejoicing over a new possession—an American chestnut gelding which cost him 155 gns. in England the other day.



IN MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING GARB: MISS EMILY BOYNTON, THE THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL WHO CLIMBED A 14,271-FOOT MOUNTAIN.

Miss Boynton is shown in the dress she wore when she climbed Long's Peak, generally known as "the American Matterhorn." She has made many other climbs of moment.



THE DEATH OF THE ONLY SON OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER: THE LATE EARL GROSVENOR, WHO DIED AT EATON HALL ON SATURDAY LAST.

The little Earl was operated on last Wednesday for an abscess caused by appendicitis. He was born in November 1904.

Photograph by Speaight.



MR. HERBERT JAMES CRAIG, M.P. FOR TYNEMOUTH, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS ELSIE RUNDALL WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (THE 16TH).

Mr. Craig became Liberal Member for Tyne-mouth in 1906. He was born in September 1869, and is a Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Volunteers.

Photograph by Vandyk.



MRS. H. J. CRAIG (FORMERLY MISS ELSIE RUNDALL), WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (TUESDAY).

Miss Elsie Rundall, whose marriage to Mr. Herbert James Craig was fixed to take place yesterday, is the daughter of Colonel F. M. Rundall, C.B., D.S.O.

Photograph by Vandyk.



LLANGWM'S TWO-YEAR-OLD BROTHER—THE HANDICAPPER—LINCOLN FAVOURITES.

A TWO-YEAR-OLD whose career will be watched with great interest is Lawrenny, by Missel Thrush—Llangarren Lass, on account of it being own-brother to Llangwm. One seldom finds brothers and sisters of famous racehorses doing much good. There are a few rare exceptions, but, as a general rule, the reverse is true. In spite of this, one follows the running of the failures with more interest than one pays to other horses. All eyes will be on this youngster from Frank Hartigan's stable when he makes his début. This will not be long delayed, if the precedent set in the case of his famous four-year-old brother is followed. Llangwm's first race—which, by-the-bye, he won—was the Cobham Plate, at Sandown Park, on April 25, 1907, and Lawrenny's first engagement is in the Stud Produce Stakes, due to be run at the same place on April 23. He has nineteen other engagements this year, the last being the Dewhurst Plate. Seeing what Llangwm has done, it was only natural that Mr. Barclay Walker would enter Lawrenny in the three-year-old classics. Thus he will probably have the chance of trying next year to improve on Llangwm's third in the Derby. I believe that if Maher could have had a ride on Llangwm before last year's Derby, the result of the race would have been different, to the extent that Signorinetta would have had to play second fiddle to the Weyhill colt. But that is all in the air, so to speak. Hartigan has one or two other grandly bred two-year-olds, and altogether his prospects for a good 1909 season seem very bright.

On the Turf, the most unthankful task is that of the handicapper. To have to start races is bad enough in all conscience, but the most unsparing critics of that official may be said to be limited to the owners of the animals in each race, whereas everybody is waiting to have a go at the long-suffering gentlemen who "put the weights on." They are in much the same position as the wicket-keepers at cricket. They are shied at from all parts of the field. They are the Aunt Sallies of racing. Having spent much time in paddock and on course looking over racehorses, noting down here a fat one and there one in ill condition for racing; having

kept an eagle eye on the running, distinguishing the flying starter from the slow one; having made a note of the sprinter in a race the compass of which is too great; having jotted down the stayer trying the

impossible task of winning a sprint—having done all this, and much more, including a study of probably all the "form-books" under the sun, he produces his handicap. He has tried to please no one. He has given each animal what he considers in justice it ought to carry. What is the result? Too often, it must be admitted, grows,

A study of the fate that befell the horses that started in greatest demand at flag-fall for the Lincolnshire Handicap each year for the past ten years leads one to the conclusion that it is best to avoid the favourite. Only

two won during the decade referred to, and they were not what one might describe as convincing favourites. Uninsured, who won in 1904, started at 9 to 2; but Cossack was very heavily backed at 6 to 1, and if I remember rightly, the small punters were to a man on the latter. But it was a sad error of judgment; Cossack, a tremendously speedy animal, found the Carholme mile too far. The other successful but "unconvincing" favourite was Little Eva, whose price—100 to 15—while doubtless suiting Captain Bewicke and his party, was too lengthy to attract the public. The history of the

FRANK CROZIER, OF JAMAICA, WHO BEAT BOB BERRY, OF WIGAN, AND SO WON THE MIDDLE-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.



TOM ROSE, OF BARNSELY, WHO BEAT JACK BROADBENT, OF ACCRINGTON, AND SO WON THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.



JOHN LEMM, OF SWITZERLAND, WHO BEAT PAT CONNOLLY, OF LONDON, AND SO WON THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIPS. SUCCESSFUL TAKERS OF THE MAT.

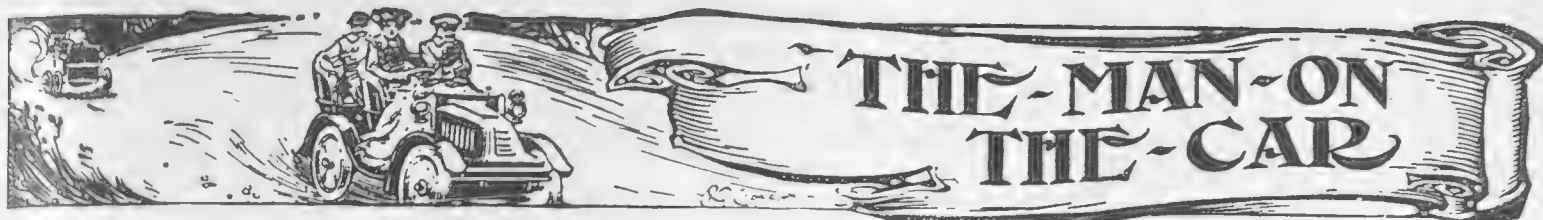
With special reference to our pictures, it may be stated that, Carroll being dissatisfied with his defeat by Frank Crozier, Crozier has offered to meet Carroll again. During one bout, Crozier landed suddenly amongst the orchestra, near the first violinist. The wrestling was in the catch-as-catch-can style. The competitions began on the 25th of last month.—[Photographs by Topical.]

grumblings, letters to the Press, and possibly an invitation to explain his handiwork to the Stewards, who have had laid before them a complaint from an unsatisfied owner. Poor handicapper!

other eight favourites forms sad reading. Who will ever forget the furore there was for His Eminence in 1907? He started at 9 to 4, and was unplaced to the French horse, Ob, who started at 25 to 1. M. Ephrussi's horse also upset a favourite in the preceding year—namely, Dean Swift, who, starting at 9 to 2, was short-headed by the 20-to-1 Frenchman. Last year, Land League "could not be beaten." He started at 3 to 1, and was not only beaten, but disgraced, behind Kalfir Chief (100 to 7). In 1905, Catty Crag and Vedas shared favouritism at 5 to 2. The backers of Catty Crag were unlucky to lose their money; but Sansovino's head happened to be in front at the winning-post. Vedas was unplaced; and the winner started at 100 to 9. Two years previously another horse heavily backed by the public—Mauvezin, 100 to 30—was unplaced, the winner being Over Norton, 100 to 7 against. The tragedy of the short-head defeat of Sceptre (who started at 11 to 4) by St. Maclou (100 to 8) is fresher in the memory than other incidents I have mentioned, and serves to show that it is exceedingly difficult for a three-year-old, even though it be of tip-top class, to win the race. Other failing favourites in the period under discussion were the flat-catcher Survivor (4 to 1), unplaced to Sir Geoffrey (100 to 12); and Clipstone (4 to 1), unplaced to General Peace (100 to 7).

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



FRED LANCHESTER TO ADVISE THE DAIMLER COMPANY—PATENT LAW BETTER IN GERMANY: A FRENCH LITIGANT SUCCESSFUL IN BERLIN: THE DUNLOP DETACHABLE RIM PATENT ENDORSED—AN ARTIFICIAL HILL AT BROOKLANDS—MERCÉDÈS PARTS BOOK.

THERE is no man who stands higher in the world of engineering, from an internal combustion engine point of view, than Mr. F. W. Lanchester, the original designer of the inimitably ingenious and delightfully luxurious Lanchester car, which though differing so widely and completely from what may be termed the standard type, has nevertheless earned golden opinions from the most critical, and created a cult entirely its own. Fully recognising Mr. Lanchester's brilliant qualifications as an originating and analytical engineer, the Daimler Motor Company (1904), Limited, have appointed that gentleman to the position of consulting engineer and technical adviser to that Company. Although this new appointment will not involve severance from the Lanchester Motor Company, Limited, to whom Mr. Lanchester now acts in an advisory capacity, he will during the course of the next few months actively interest himself with the numerous engineering matters which the Daimler Company have under consideration. In addition to the construction of the highest class of pleasure-car, the Company are concerned with work which embraces road-trains, commercial vehicles, motor-omnibuses, agricultural motors, and so on. As the new Daimler engine opens up possibilities of development in directions not hitherto approached by the standard type of engine, the scope of the Company's business therefore widens in sympathy.

Gird we never so restively at things German, it must in sheer fairness be admitted that that progressive nation have for years past shown us how to conduct a Patent Office—how patents should be handled. The German Patent Office have ever striven to protect the inventor against himself—that is, they have refused to grant monopoly and protection to devices already covered. Protection is never accorded an invention by the German Patent Office unless the authorities have satisfied themselves, by the most rigid search and the closest scrutiny, that it has not been anticipated. Consequently, the fact that a German patent has been accepted has come to be regarded as earnest of the fact that such patent is a master-patent, and unassailable. Of course, we in this country have now arrived at a similar position, but only lately; while Germany has practised as above described for many years. The soundness and desirability of this method has just been exemplified in connection with a patent taken out in Germany by a Frenchman—M. Pataud—a patent upon which the present highly practicable Dunlop detachable rim is based. A German firm was found to be infringing M. Pataud's rights,

and, on the case being fought in the German courts, M. Pataud's patent was triumphantly upheld.

The decision of the German courts would appear to support the contention that the Pataud patent covers all detachable rims constructed on the expanding-ring principle, and establishes the originality of the Dunlop detachable rim, for the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company are M. Pataud's sole licensees in this country. As may well be supposed, the French automobile world are much gratified at the spirit of fairness shown by the German courts, for the Dunlop detachable rim has been held in great regard in France ever since its use in the last Grand Prix. Indeed, it has done so much for French racing laurels that they affect quite a national pride in it.



AN EXCELLENT LIGHT RUNABOUT: THE 14-16-H.P. FOUR-CYLINDER STRAKER-SQUIRE.

Mr. Le Roy Soher, of Messrs. Straker and Squire, is shown at the wheel.

In my notes of last week I suggested that if hill-climbs, etc., were to be tabooed, Brooklands would be our only resource for anything approaching motorsport. It would appear that I was nearer the truth than I knew, for since penning those words I hear that Brooklands is to have its own trial hill, and a stiff 'un at that. The ascent, to be formed on that part of the sand-hill on which the members' stand is situated, will have a total length of about four hundred yards, and will be divided into ascensional sections of one in eight, one in six, and one in four, with a good straight run at the hill from the bottom. I fear that this artificial rise will hardly serve for hill-climbing contests as carried out on road hills in the past, but it will more than suffice for tests before purchase both of first and second-hand cars. Manufacturers will be able to subject

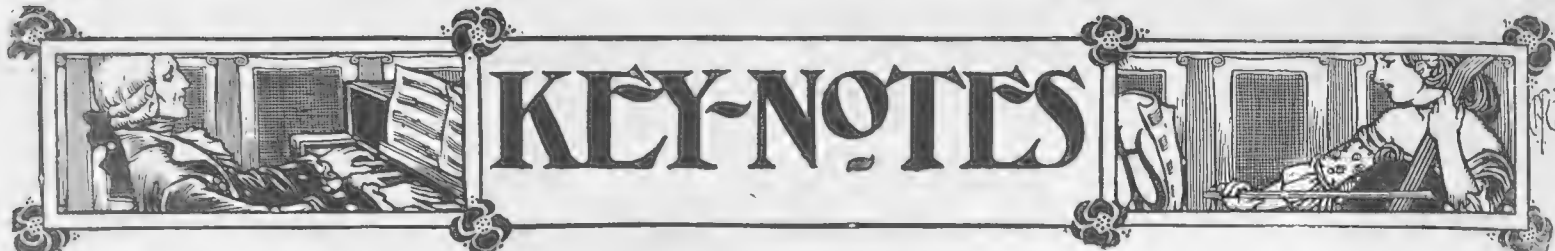
novel apparatus or fresh adjustments to the closest scrutiny by means of up-hill tests against the watch. In view of the use of the hill for such purposes, it will be carefully and plainly marked out in sections, to facilitate correct timing over the various stages.

Milnes - Daimler, Limited, of 221, Tottenham Court Road, London, have issued what is at once a most interesting and, to Mercédès car-owners, a most valuable handbook. It is a very tastefully prepared work of twenty-three pages, large pocket-book size, and gives comprehensible photographic representations for the up-to-date Mercédès cars. Each piece and part is numbered, and by the quotation of such number Milnes-Daimler, Limited, can forward the part or pieces required on receipt of



A REMARKABLE ILLUSTRATION OF SPRINGING: A LANCHESTER WITH ONE WHEEL ON AN OBSTACLE TWENTY INCHES HIGH, AND ITS OTHER WHEELS RESTING IN THE ORDINARY WAY ON THE GROUND.

the order. The advisory notes are in German, French, and English, but the numbers are, of course, universal. When the number of the part is given the maker's number on the car must also accompany it.



THE season at Covent Garden has fulfilled expectations in nearly every direction. German opera has never failed to attract a good attendance, and though "The Angelus" proved a disappointment, and does not seem likely to survive the second performance, there was no need to call upon Covent Garden's old friend and unflinching supporter, "Faust," though every arrangement had been completed for its production in case of need. Extra performances of "The Mastersingers" and "The Valkyries" have served to fill the few gaps. It is a pity, perhaps, that "The Ring" performances were judged by the first series, for with the second and third many of the little faults that had been noticeably passed away, and the stage-management received the very necessary revision. The verdict of those who have attended Covent Garden regularly must needs be a favourable one, and the future of a winter season of opera in English would seem to be assured. If the performances have not been sensationally fine, they have been good all round, and we have been introduced to singers of whom it may be said that we desire more of their acquaintance. The greatest achievement is that of Mme. Saltzmann Stevens, who, although she has studied no other rôle than that of Brünnhilde, has taken rank as a first-class operatic artist.

Now the busy management will begin to prepare the way for the Grand Season, which will open about April 29. It is rumoured that "Samson and Delilah" has been selected for the first performance, and that Mme. Kirkby Lunn will take the part of Delilah. There is a further pleasing rumour to the effect that, although German opera will be conspicuous by its absence, French music will once more receive a hearing; and that, in addition to the work of Camille Saint-Saëns, who may conduct the first performance in England of his popular opera, we shall hear operas by Massenet, Charpentier, and Claude Debussy. Why has Massenet's "Manon" been left on the shelf so long? It has more melody in any one act than Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" can show in any two.

The appearance in the concert-hall of young players who might reasonably be expected to pass the greater part of their time in the schoolroom no longer occasions any surprise, and everybody will grant that the Misses Irene and May Ward-Meyer are quite justified in giving a series of three recitals at the Bechstein Hall. It may be suggested at the same time that their programmes must needs be carefully chosen from work within the compass of their expression. Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto and Godowsky's glittering arrangement of Rameau's "Tambourin" may not be handled readily by any violinist or pianist save those who have mastered completely the technical side of their art; and when they are played by others, the natural

anxiety that is associated with very difficult passages has an immediate and unfortunate effect. The playing ceases to be an interpretation, and becomes a perceptible struggle for mere mastery over notes. If the mastery be achieved, it is often at the expense of the work's proper proportions. Doubtless the Misses Ward-Meyer will be heard to greater advantage at their later recitals, for they will have gained more confidence. It is clear that they are the possessors of considerable natural gifts, and that they have been well taught. Indeed, their appearance under the auspices of the Daniel Mayer Concert Direction is a guarantee of merit, for Mr. Daniel Mayer seems to have a special gift for finding and bringing forward the best musicians of our day. He does not devote his time and attention to any performer who can pay fees, and it would be well for the profession generally if all other agents would endeavour to be equally conscientious.

Mme. Clotilde Kleeberg, whose death was announced towards the end of last week, was one of the great pianists. She did not make either the income or the sensation of some performers who might be named, but lived and worked upon a plane that her noisier rivals will never reach. She came to England when little more than a girl, so many years ago that the writer does not like to remember that he was one of the audience that witnessed her English début. In Vienna, Paris, and Berlin she was received with enthusiasm, and her interpretation of Bach's music never failed to evoke enthusiasm. Mme. Kleeberg had all the gifts of a great interpreter of music. She could subordinate herself and allow the music to speak through her; but hers was not a temperament that receives a special welcome in this country to-day, where the pianist who could, at need, play the big drum outside a circus-tent is the object of our special regard. Her death at the early age of forty-three is a serious loss to the small company of really distinguished pianists.

Mr. Benno Hollander, whose delightful but perplexing "Sinfonietta" for strings has just received a first public performance under M. René Ortmans' skilled direction at the Hampstead Conservatoire, is a very gifted musician, of whose work we hear very little. The fact that he has been too immersed in his studies to pursue the gentle arts of self-advertisement tells heavily against him. Mr. Hollander is a Dutchman, and in far-off days was an infant prodigy, though this is a fault that seems quite venial now. He was a friend of Berlioz, a follower of Wieniawski, and a pupil of Saint-Saëns. He has led an opera orchestra under Richter, and concert-room orchestras under Henschel, Mottl, Strauss, Weingartner and other men of mark. In a little while an opera of which he has written the libretto as well as the music is to be produced on a modest scale in London. COMMON CHORD.



RICHTER AS WAGNER AND WAGNER AS RICHTER—RICHTER; TURN UPSIDE DOWN, AND WAGNER WILL BE FOUND.

From a Sketch by Oscar Larum.

debut. In Vienna, Paris, and Berlin she was received with enthusiasm, and her interpretation of Bach's music never failed to evoke enthusiasm. Mme. Kleeberg had all the gifts of a great interpreter of music. She could subordinate herself and allow the music to speak through her; but hers was not a temperament that



BEST KNOWN BY THE BACK OF HIS HEAD: MR. IVAN CARYLL, THE POPULAR CONDUCTOR AT THE GAIETY.

It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Caryll is best known to the general public by the back of his head, as seen by them from the Gaiety auditorium. His excellent, virile music is very familiar to them also, as it is to the audiences of other houses.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Loyalty of Women.

There is no doubt that women are more loyal friends, especially to men of genius, than are men to each other. No feminine friend, for instance, could have found it in her heart to write the churlish and peevish essay on Robert Louis Stevenson with which Henley has soiled his fame. That is one reason, perhaps, why the Man of Genius usually surrounds himself with petticoats, rather than with admirers of the sterner sex. He wishes to be praised when dead, as well as when living. A case in point is the one of Lafcadio Hearn. Miss Elizabeth Bisland's brilliant and sympathetic memoir of her lifelong friend was soon followed by Dr. Gould's grudging book on the author of "Japan: an Interpretation." Happily, this book has been answered—and its facts disproved—by Mrs. Arthur Kennard in the current *Nineteenth Century*, for the lady shows us conclusively that not only did Patricio Lafcadio Hearn belong to a highly reputable "county" family in Ireland, but that he was continually doing battle with racial prejudices in his efforts—as in his legalised Japanese marriage—to be chivalrous to women. It is poetic justice that two feminine pens have, up to now, written the most sympathetic and appreciative memoirs of this extraordinary literary genius.

A Sublime Mother-in-Law.

Edgar Allan Poe — whose centenary we

celebrate this month—is another man of genius who suffered bitterly from his masculine contemporaries and found gentle voices to praise him. Strangest of all—for he must have been "trying" in his domestic relations—his mother-in-law, the maternal parent of "Annabel Lee," adored him to the day of his death, and had nothing but loving words for him when he finally disappeared from a world which his extraordinary and lurid imagination has so strikingly adorned. This mother-in-law, in short, was the pearl of her genus, and in view of the fact that Edgar Allan Poe was an opium-eater, and that he never avoided the single glass of wine which was sufficient to make him tipsy, her attitude to him was little short of sublime. I wonder if the centenary will make the tales and poems of Poe as popular in England as they are, for instance, in France? For there are no *macabre* stories in the English language superior to "The Masque of the Red Death," "The Murder in the Rue Morgue," and "The Fall of the House of Usher." Those who require to have their imagination stimulated with the aid of pictorial art should go and see Baron Arild Rosenkrantz's admirable and weird drawings for Poe's stories, which are now on view at the Baillie Gallery, in Bruton Street. This distinguished Danish artist has completely realised the intention of the great American writer, for he gives you as many thrills as a visit to the

Grand Guignol in Paris would afford, without the discomfort of a mid-winter journey across the stormy main.

Extinct Political Salons.

Every year, at the opening of Parliament, there is rumour (principally in the weekly journals) of the political salons which are to be opened, and of the ambitious ladies who are to "lead" during the coming months. But this brave talk is usually purely fantastic, for the session goes by with the same routine of dreary political receptions, at which the tag-rag and bobtail of the party in power walk through the rooms of a Cabinet Minister's wife, eat a sandwich, and vanish into the night. There is, as a matter of fact, little or no feminine "leading" nowadays, and the only political salon which has any popularity is the bar of the public-house round the corner. For some reason or other, too, the Liberal ladies seem to enjoy less prestige and to wield less influence than the ladies of the Unionist forces. London has practically been without a "leading lady" in the shape of the wife of a Prime Minister since the death of the late Lady Salisbury, and it is a far cry indeed from the autocratic days of Lady Palmerston. At present, all the feminine brains and influence have naturally turned to the issue of woman's franchise. Once that question is settled, the ladies will take up party politics again, and will enjoy a prestige which they have never known before.

Talk, Talk, Talk.

For the French, life is a dialogue—or, at any rate, a conversation. Impressions, ideas, philosophies, ideals all run into the form of talk, or have been expressed in the form of correspondence or the drama. Thus the memoirs of Mlle. George, the famous and beautiful tragedian, are put—amusingly and vivaciously enough—into the shape of conversations. This is a welcome change from the ordinary stilted and insipid "reminiscences," for by the employment of the dramatic form the egotistical note (so difficult to avoid) is eliminated. Not the least instructive are the arguments about acting which the tragédienne has with Talma and other of her distinguished fellow play-actors. It is amusing to find that the passion of love, on the stage, was voted common and even vulgar, as appertaining not only to the woman in the boxes, but to the man in the gallery, whereas the remorse, melancholy, and despair of Talma, the great tragedian, was considered not only the most moving, but the highest form of art. George herself, though a bit of a madcap, was from the first (indeed, at sixteen) determined to win fame with the great tragic rôles, and it is as Clytemnestra and Phèdre that this beautiful, stout, and loquacious actress is remembered.



[Copyright.]

A WALKING-DRESS IN DARK-BLUE SERGE, WITH PIPINGS, FRINGE, AND BUTTONS TO MATCH.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

ON "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a walking-dress in dark-blue serge, trimmed with pipings, fringe, and buttons all to match, and the vest also embroidered in dark blue.

The Maison de Beauté Valaze, 24, Grafton Street, we all prophesied had come to stay, for Mme. Helena Rubinstein's fame had preceded her. Hardly, however, could the most sanguine of her admirers have foreseen the magnitude of her success. The beautiful stairway leading to her luxurious and perfectly equipped rooms may be said to resemble a modern Jacob's ladder. If it does not exactly lead from earth to heaven, it does lead from hope to realisation—beauty goes up on the wane and comes down at its prime. Mme. Helena Rubinstein is no dabbler in treatment of the skin, but an expert from long and arduous study. Her Valaze, prepared from the recipe of the great scientific dermatologist Dr. Lykuski, is remarkable in its results. One month's trial of it makes of it an indispensable life-long necessity. So much sought after are the services of Mme. Helena Rubinstein that she is obliged to give up outside treatment, and can only see clients in her own beautiful rooms, where she is busy from early morn to dusky eve, restoring the bloom and charm of youth to complexions that have suffered from the storm and stress of modern life. Wrinkles she charms away mostly by delicate manipulation of her magnetic fingers; freckles Valaze gets rid of.

The graceful ornament illustrated is one of the latest pendants designed and made by the Parisian Diamond Company. It is in diamonds and pear-shaped pearls, on a platinum chain, in which the diamond ornaments at the side and line across make a delightful break. It can be worn as a necklet by night and a sautoir by day.

On Monday next there will be a very general journeying to High Street, Kensington, for then begins the annual white sale of John Barker and Co., Limited. It will afford opportunities for purchasing at the most advantageous prices things that are necessary. The underclothing department will contain quite unusually tempting things, especially, perhaps, in elaborate underskirts, although it is invidious to particularise where everything is such splendid value. Mothers will avail themselves of the chance of getting children's clothes very cheaply, as will ladies who look forward to the summer sunshine eagerly buy the beautiful lingerie frocks. As to blouses, they are a specialty of the firm. Morning wrappers, boudoir gowns, and matinée jackets will be offered at very low prices, as will linen robes with French embroidery.

"BEHIND THE VEIL IN PERSIA AND TURKISH ARABIA."

Some fascinating mysteries are often thought to lurk behind the veils of Eastern women, but Mrs. M. E. Hume-Griffith, who has had opportunities of peeping behind many of them, and penetrating to the inner secrets of numerous harems, has found the actualities of woman's life in Persia and Turkish Arabia to be anything but alluring—at least to the women. In her very interesting book, "Behind the Veil in Persia and Turkish Arabia" (Seeley and Co.) she reveals a state of female degradation and male tyranny which should cause Miss Pankhurst and her followers, if they read the book (as they ought), to exclaim, "Oh, what a happy land is England!" The author and her husband, who is a medical missionary, and who has written some of the chapters,

have spent eight years in the East—three in Persia (at Kerman, Ispahan, and Yezd) and five at Mosul, on the Tigris, opposite the ancient ruins of Nineveh. The book, though animated by a Christian spirit, is in no sense a religious tract, but a vivid and picturesque description of everyday life, written with a woman's genius for personal detail, and interspersed with anecdotes both humorous and tragic. It is well illustrated from photographs.



A CHARMING DIAMOND-AND-PEARL PENDANT AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

"WINTER IN HOLLAND," AT THE EMPIRE.

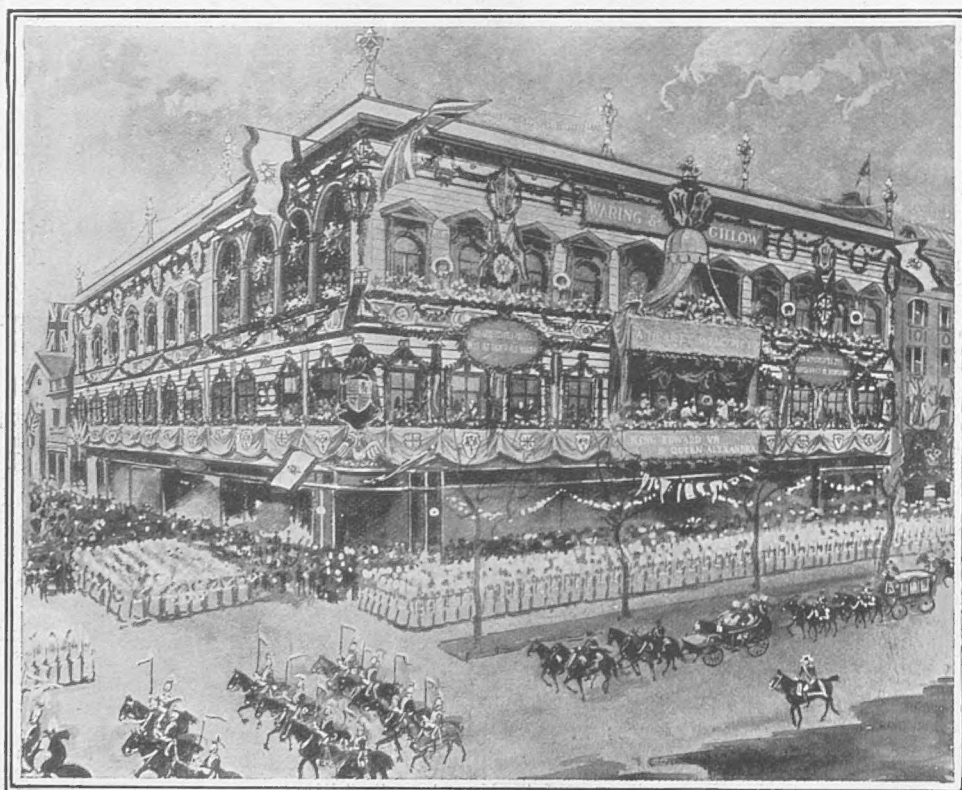
The passing craze for roller-skating was bound to find expression on the music-halls, for it is their business to reflect the mood of the hour, and they seldom fail to fulfil their mission. The Empire management has been quick to respond to the occasion, and has produced a bright little sketch, called "Winter in Holland." Sixteen of the Empire's corps de ballet, skilled skaters all, support a small company headed by M. Video, who is dressed in fashion that recalls, however inaccurately, a Florentine page-boy from mid-Renaissance times. If there were no pleasing setting, if the corps de ballet were less skilled and graceful, if the music, with its reminiscences of "Miss Hook of Holland," were less appropriate, the extraordinary agility of M. Video would make the little scena worth seeing. His gifts are remarkable, and his figure-work on rollers must needs earn the admiration of many who go down to the ice on skates and traffic successfully on the frozen waters. There is the necessary, or inevitable, comic relief, supplied by an old couple who pursue their errand daughter, and endeavour unsuccessfully to check her unabashed flirtation with the skater of her choice; and there is a little child—a girl, I think—who moves with rare grace over the stage, puffing at a long pipe.

Messrs. J. Carter and Co., 237-8 and 97, High Holborn, London, have sent us a copy of their excellent catalogue, entitled "Gardens and Lawns, 1909." It should not be overlooked that nine awards of merit were granted to this firm by the Royal Horticultural Society in 1908 for new varieties of vegetables.

Those who like a clean, easy shave should try "Shavallo, the Ideal Shaving Soap." "Shavallo" lather is close and creamy, will not dry on the face, and has a soothing and healing effect on the skin which prevents all roughness and irritation.

Founded in 1759, the Carron Company, iron-founders, coal-masters, engineers, ship-owners, etc., of Carron, Stirlingshire, has now reached the 150th anniversary of its foundation, with an unbroken and continued business career throughout that long period of time. Practically the pioneers of the iron industry in Scotland, the Carron Company has well earned and deservedly holds a world-wide reputation for the excellence of its manufactures of every description of cast-iron goods, such as ranges, grates, stoves, cooking apparatus, baths and lavatories, railings, stable-fittings, gas-appliances, etc., suitable alike for the mansion or cottage homes of this country, or the camps and bungalows of other climes.

These brighter days show up with merciless precision the spots and blemishes on one's skin that pass unnoticed in the darker days of winter. To remove these ugly spots and blemishes quickly and permanently becomes our chief desire, and for this "Antexema," which is a most valuable adjunct to the toilet-table and a certain remedy for all skin troubles, is recommended.



BRITISH INDUSTRY IN BERLIN: THE KING AND THE KAISER PASSING THE DECORATED PREMISES OF MESSRS. WARING AND GILLOW IN UNTER DEN LINDEN.

The premises were decorated in violet, heliotrope, and mimosa, and with shields bearing the German and the British arms. Three greetings also appeared—"A hearty welcome to King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra"; "One common motto—Blood is thicker than water"; "One common aim—Progress in friendship."

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 23.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE REVIVAL.

WHAT we should like to see is a little more public at the back of the newest revival in the Stock Exchange. Of business all round the House there is certainly more about, and mingled with the professional dealing has come a fair sprinkle of orders from the outside circles, real investors being prominent in their absorption of sound stock. This is the most satisfactory part of the movement, and if it continues, we shall have a still further advance in prices. The rise, however, has been somewhat breathless, and we look for a set-back as likely to occur in the ordinary course of events. Public appetite for new issues takes insatiably anything of a Government or municipal character that offers 5 per cent. interest, especially when the loan comes out below par, and a strong tide of buying has recently set in for securities of the highest class. Home Rails are still ignored by the public, and the recent rise in values was brought about by buying almost entirely professional.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS.

Systematic study of the intrinsic worth of Kaffir shares is too common a study nowadays for the market to expect an old-fashioned boom. Nevertheless, with more attention being turned to speculative investment in the shares, there are Kaffirs which have good prospects of improving, on their merits, and it is such which we endeavour to keep before the notice of our readers. It was not as simple gambles that we indicated the attractions of Knights, Wit. Deeps, Princess, New Primrose, Rand Mines, and many others which have risen substantially within the last few months; they were recommended as good dividend or prospective dividend-paying propositions, with a likely chance of a rise in the future. According to our present opinion, Knights should now be sold because of the damage done to the mine by the recent floods. Gold Mines Selection, a £2 share standing at 2½, has good possibilities, and a fine list of assets. Gold Fields still look dear, and so do East Rand. There is a strong tip afloat to buy Randfontein. We should not sell were we holders. As to the Deep Levels, for a mere gamble, we are told that New Eras are worth having, but this we repeat merely for what it may be worth.

FOREIGN GOVERNMENT BONDS.

The temptation is enormous to say, "What did we tell you? Have we not hammered away at the advice that investors should buy themselves good foreign Government bonds—Argentine, Brazilian, Chilean, Japanese, Chinese, and all such like—in order to get reasonable interest without much risk? And now the foreign market bubbles with buoyancy, not to say bullishness; and, while the theory is that profits should not be missed, on the other hand, it is difficult to see how sales can be replaced with purchases of greater advantage. So, for the time being, we should suggest that holders of foreign bonds keep their securities, the prices of which may yet further increase to a moderate extent.

VALUATIONS OF TRUST COMPANIES' ASSETS.

There has been a rise of some 10 points in the price of the Deferred stock of the River Plate and General Investment Trust Company since I mentioned it in these columns last month, but it is still quoted much below its intrinsic value. It is rather remarkable that the Deferred stocks of the Financial Trust Companies are generally valued in the market below their break-up valuation. In other words, the goodwill of the Company, consisting of the brains of the Directors, is valued as a minus quantity! This is neither very complimentary nor very just, seeing how ably most of the Trust Companies have been managed. At the meeting of the Trust Company above mentioned the Chairman remarked that the break-up value of the Deferred stock worked out at 153 per cent. ex div.—that is, if the Debenture stock and Preference stock could be paid off at par, there would remain £153 for every £100 of Deferred stock. There is obviously too wide a gap between this and the present quotation of 123 ex-div. The dividend for the current year is likely to be 8 per cent. A similar valuation of the break-up value of the Metropolitan Trust Company's Ordinary stock shows £180 ex-div. per £100 Ordinary stock, as compared with a quotation of 164 cum-div.

RUBBER SHARE VALUES.

There has been more activity of late in the market for these shares, which are being picked up by those who are in a position to work out the profits being earned by the producing Companies. When the reports for 1908 begin to come in about April, there will probably be a still keener public demand for this class of shares. The profits being made at the current price of rubber are, of course, enormous. For instance, take a Company like the *Selangor Rubber Company*, with a production at present of about 25,000 lb. of dry rubber per month. There is a gross profit at 5s. 3d. per lb. of 4s. per lb., or £5000 a month, equal to £60,000 a year, on an issued capital of £30,000. Of course it would be most unwise to capitalise the shares on this basis; but with a demand for rubber at present in excess of supply, and very small stocks available, there cannot be any considerable fall in price for some time, and the fall, when it comes, will be offset by the increasing production of this and other Companies. It should also be borne in mind that, although the prices of shares have advanced, they are still much below the figures touched in 1907, as the following comparative quotations for some of the principal shares will show—

	Present Price.	Highest in 1907.		Present Price.	Highest in 1907.
Linggi Plantation ..	12s.	16s.	Vallambrosa ..	15s. 6d.	19s.
Bukit Rajah ..	5½	7½	Selangor ..	18s. 6d.	21s.
Anglo Malay ..	4½	6½	Sumatra Para ..	1½	2½

Whether the prices touched in 1907 were justified or not no one can yet say, for no one can tell what the future price of rubber may be; but this much, at any rate, may be said, that the shares of all the well-managed Companies, such as those in

the above list, are worth more now than two years ago, for the simple reason that the production is now much larger owing to the two years' additional growth of the trees. The general belief among planters is that for very many years the price of rubber (that is, fine hard Para) cannot fall below 2s. 6d. to 3s. per pound, because below that price the profit on its collection would vanish. Plantation rubber, on the other hand, can be produced, when the trees shade the ground, at 1s. per pound, which will leave a wide margin of profit. It is probable, however, that the ever-increasing demand for rubber will for a long time prevent a fall to any such low prices. Q.

THE LONDON AND PARIS FAILURE.

When the London and Paris Exchange was tottering on the verge of ruin, we did nothing to help its fall except to give truthful answers to direct inquiries, and then we carefully avoided mentioning its name. We appreciated the hardships which the disaster must bring on many poor people, and desired, if possible, that the failure might be avoided; but now it has come, there is no reason why we should not deal with the position of the creditors. In the first place, it seems improbable that the average ordinary creditor will get anything, but the ramifications are so far-reaching, and so many peculiar bargains have been entered into, that no one who has dealings open really knows his position. One of the favourite devices of the Exchange was to puff Industrial shares and sell them on the marginal system, and the number of small people who have thus bought Furness Withy, Measure Brothers, Kaffir Consols, and other like shares, by depositing 20 per cent. margin, is enormous. In some cases the shares have depreciated more than the margin, and the buyers are asking if they can be made liable beyond their deposit. We advise them to resist any such claim, on the ground that the Exchange had no shares, and did not purchase any on the buyer's behalf, when the bargain was made. Some people bought shares and have been paying for them by instalments: in one case we know 80 per cent. of the purchase-price had been paid. In these cases the client can (as far as we can see) only claim to be a creditor for the money paid. In option deals, where the option-money has been paid, the client will probably be in a position to claim, as a creditor, damages for breach of contract; and the measure of these damages will be the loss sustained by the non-fulfilment of the bargain; but we strongly urge the parties interested to claim the delivery of the shares in all cases where the option shows a profit. Saturday, Feb. 13, 1909.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month. Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

MAMMON.—We do not know anything of the man whose letter you send, but the thing reads badly. "Q" has not changed his opinion of the West Africans, and you had far better stick to the shares he recommended, and deal through a member of the Stock Exchange.

C. B. S. C.—Our remarks applied to the recent issue of 5 per cent. bonds, and were based on the general opinion of the principal dealers in that market. The old bonds may be what your New York brokers say, but the dealers here don't like them.

W. J. W.—Your list is, for what you want, not bad. Why not leave out Nos. 2 and 5, and substitute River Plate Gas shares and Brazilian 5 per cent. bonds?

CHERY.—You bar everything we should have recommended. Divide the money between (1) City of Mexico 5 per cent. bonds; (2) Cuba Gold bonds; (3) San Paulo New Loan; (4) Some South African Municipal loans, such as Durban, Port Elizabeth, or Johannesburg.

NEPTUNE.—We would not hold the Industrial shares; but the American Railway is doing well, and might be held as a speculation.

DUDLEY.—You do not say what particulars you want. (1) An American mine. Capital, 820,000 shares of £1 issued and paid up. A speculative share at present. (2) Capital £264,000, in 240,000 shares of £1 and 60,000 of 8s. Silver lead. Prospects depend chiefly on the price of lead and zinc. (3) Capital £690,000, issued in 45,000 Pref. shares and 300,000 Ordinary of £2 each. Prospects depend on the future price of the metal. (4) Indian Gold Mine area, 815 acres; capital £308,000 in 95,400 Pref. and 212,600 Ordinary shares, has paid dividends.

MILLER'S BOY.—Neither mine is an investment, but both may be as speculations not bad, although they would not suit us.

BUCOLIC.—(1) The Russian loan is not bad, but in the present state of the country and of Europe cannot be called perfectly safe. (2) To compare Russian 4½ per cent. bonds with Midland Railway Debentures is absurd. The first is a second-class investment paying high interest, and the other is a gilt-edged security such as rich men can afford to hold. (3) All Banks hang up an audited balance-sheet in the office, but it is not of much value. The big Joint Stock Banks publish monthly returns, also of little value. To discuss the comparative safety of depositors in joint stock and private banks is impossible in this column. We should prefer one of the big Joint Stock Banks, and the National and Provincial to the other concern you name.

BORAX.—Neither would be safe enough for us.

MRS. N. S.—We know no one who will do it.

STUBLEY.—It is a Queensland Company. Very speculative. We must inquire as to latest dividends. A poor market.

DRAKE.—We think the Debentures should be held.

H. L. S.—Your letter was answered on the 12th instant.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The meetings at Windsor and Lingfield are sure of plenty of patronage, providing the weather is good. The following may win: At Windsor (Wednesday)—Bracknell Hurdle, Perseus II.; Falstaff Steeplechase, Spotted Lady; Burnham Steeplechase, Jerry M.; Curfew Hurdle, Persinus. Thursday: Royal Steeplechase, Caubene; Staines Hurdle, Shanganah Lass; Weir Steeplechase, Yonder; Claremont Steeplechase, Spotted Lady. At Lingfield (Friday): February Hurdle, St. Obrian; Southern Steeplechase, St. Conan; Gravetye Hurdle, Parallax; Groombridge Steeplechase, Round Dance. Saturday: Hever Hurdle, Tiptree Heath; Amateurs' Steeplechase, Boralira; Cobham Hurdle, Lady Brenda.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Rachel Lorian." By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. (Heinemann).—"Julian Revelstone." By Justin McCarthy. (Chatto and Windus).—"The Hand of the Spoiler." By Sidney Paternoster. (Hodder and Stoughton).

THERE is something of the surgeon and the patient in the relationship between Mrs. Dudeney and her characters. She ministers to their minds diseased, not, after the manner of the general practitioner, by writing an illegible prescription calculated to stimulate the phagocytes, but by a serious, interested glance and the production of scalpels. The result is a series of clever, precise operations, each one of which is watched by those who have lain or are still to lie under the knife, each one of which shows the student the master-hand at work. How far the patients benefit, having regard to their bearing one to the other, it is difficult to say: the onlookers see most of the game, but even they cannot see its full consequences, even they dare not prophesy with certainty the future of Rachel Lorian. She has a queer life, this Rachel, during the few years that she is known to us. She is seen first on her wedding-day, "looking at her brand-new bridegroom." She is eighteen, a worshipper of all that is colourful in life. Francis is older, a young man with power almost in his grasp, a precise young man, almost a prig. There is a railway accident. Francis is injured so seriously that it is thought that he must die. He lives, a cripple—man from the head to the waist, log from the waist to the feet. Such is the husband of the worshipper of colour, and more. Pain, the knowledge that the sweets of the world are denied him, his helpless state, breed in him rebellion, peevishness, a deadly, grim, joy-killing humour, a desire to wound. He is grotesque, he feels himself a gargoyle; he is a gargoyle, he feels himself living, brute beast. Eventually he "takes to" religion, and cultivates the monkish spirit. His wife, meantime, is torn by duty and desire—duty to her chosen mate, desire for something that is passionately alive. Duty is paramount, undisputed king, until the coming of Rivers. Then duty and desire share her thoughts, and she finds a strange consolation in a melancholy, yet buoyant love, sad, unsatisfied, sensuous. One day Francis dies, and Rivers comes to her. She will not go with him, for she feels that she owes reparation to the dead—for six months. In due time, rather than wait, she journeys to Gray's Inn—"it was a captivating plan; both queenly and slavish—all supplication and command." In his chambers she finds a woman, the Cobweb he would sweep out of its corner of his life,

and she bids him marry her. So it is done; and then Rivers, too, dies. The Cobweb brings her consolation, Rivers' son—

"I should be glad for you to have my boy if you care to adopt him . . ." He was awake, the darling bantling, the piquant orchard fairy. . . . She sat holding him tight, tight to her breast; the mystic, healing creature, who was Patrick Rivers, purged and steadied. . . . She was certainly the most joyful woman in the whole world.

Those who know Mr. Justin McCarthy as novelist, and appreciate him in that rôle, will no doubt find matter that is pleasing to them in the author's latest work. Julian Revelstone has concluded that man should be loved for himself, and himself alone, and therefore, although he is a man of wealth and family, he comes to Evorgale from America as Theodore Duncan, and acts, not as himself, but as his accredited representative. He is Socialist also. He has a healthy belief in the rights of the people and in the garden city preaches his belief, and is not beloved of the landlords of the district. Further, he falls in love with Clarice d'Esterre, of haughty parentage, and she falls in love with him. Refusal, curt and courteous, meets his application for her hand. But the marriage takes place. Sir Francis d'Esterre and others have meanwhile concocted a plan to get rid of him, and have written to him in America, asking him to remove himself as a nuisance, and to come and take his own place. He does so. The great men of Evorgale prepare a royal welcome for the coming magnate. He arrives—Theodore Duncan, with Clarice, his wife, by his side. General reconciliation: "We can venture to predict for them a life of noble purpose, of much happiness, and of unchanging love."

Mr. Sidney Paternoster can always be relied upon to write a good "yarn," even when he chooses to eschew the grimly dramatic, grimly humorous manner of "Gutter Tragedies," the best of his books. Therefore, it is not surprising to find in "The Hand of the Spoiler" a story that is as virile in manner as it is unusual in matter. The chief figure of the novel is related, very distantly, to Raffles: he has that gentlemanly burglar's skill in the same profession, but he is not thief from choice. Rather does he steal because he has been brought up to steal—to regard a theft not as a crime, but as a great adventure. He owes this state of mind to Lynton Hora, who took him, a child of three, from his parents, that he might revenge himself upon the father. The result of this training, the theft of Hildebrand Flurschheim's Greuze and snuff-boxes, the opening of a Government dispatch, the loves of Myra and of Meriel Challis, the downfall of Hora, must be read in detail—it were impossible to summarise them successfully or fairly.

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